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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXI. }

No. 2409.—August 30, 1890.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. WESTERN CHINA: ITS PRODUCTS AND TRADE,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	515
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part XIII.,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	531
III. WATTEAU—HIS LIFE AND WORK,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	547
IV. THE SHETLAND ISLES IN THE BIRDS'-NESTING SEASON,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	552
V. THE SEA AND SEASIDE,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	561
VI. THE BAMBOO,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	566
VII. A VOICE FROM A HAREM,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	569
VIII. NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—TARANTULAS,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	572
IX. HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	574

POETRY.

NOTES AT FLORENCE,	514	"WRITE ME A LITTLE RIPPLING RHYME,"	514
TATTON MEKE,	514		
A GIRL'S HERO,	514		

MISCELLANY,	576
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NOTES AT FLORENCE.

I.

Christ rising from the Tomb (Botticelli).

CHRIST—who doth break
 For the world's sake
 His tomb, yet still in outstretched sleep is hid
 At the tomb's lid—
 Behold him to our gaze complete
 In wounded hands and feet,
 While soft his rest
 As John's on his own breast.

II.

The Vision of St. Augustine (Botticelli).

God's saint, and of his kingdom mild
 The humblest child,
 By hollow of a cool
 Sky-drinking pool:
 What shall they say, how understand
 The sweetness of the dawn-bathed land,
 Those mated souls that pause
 Under God's laws,
 And find it sweeter than the honeycomb
 Beneath their tabature to roam?

III.

Flowers at the Foot of the Crucifix (Signorelli).

A circled mesh
 Of flowers given to refresh
 Our eyes that bend
 Away from that fierce manhood's end:
 Wild little border—
 And in disorder—
 Of country flowers;
 Strawberries that link
 With spires of scarcely colored pink,
 Herb-Robert; close against the soil
 Yellow trefoil,
 With pansies, daisies; in a spot
 By Magdalen's robe forget-me-not:
 Embroidered bed,
 Shine forth beneath the shadowed head,
 And let the lizard pry
 About the dull
 Teeth-terrace of the skull
 At the crossfoot! For why?
 It is so natural to die.

Academy.

MICHAEL FIELD.

TATTON MERE.

At dawn I passed beside a silent mere,
 So still, so smooth, it mirrored calmly here
 Its own green banks, the heavens, the passing
 cloud,
 And some grey willow with its branches
 bowed.

The day was closing ere I passed again,
 The north wind blew a fierce and angry strain;
 The cry of wild geese sailing o'er the wood,
 The plash of wavelets reached me as I stood.

The rushes bent and rustled in my ear,
 How quickly changed the lovely placid mere;
 Yet not unwelcome are the signs of strife,
 The rushing wind, the scream of birds, for
 life

Is here that slept, but now with stir and
 strength
 No more with passive heart receives, at length
 Knows the new joy of motion, voice, and
 gives
 To man the sympathy of all that lives.

BEATRIX TOLLEMACHE.

A GIRL'S HERO.

"SHALL I ever meet him, my own true knight?
 The days are evil and cold;
 And the tender grace and the glorious light
 Died out with the men of old;
 I may learn his valor from ancient rhymes,
 His face in my dreams I see;
 But, oh, my knight of the olden times,
 Will he never come to me?"

She turned away from the poet's page
 To seek in the world for him;
 The light that flashed on a bygone age
 Shone clear where her path grew dim;
 There was one, unwearied, who fought with
 wrong,
 Though never a sword he drew;
 His deeds were told in the angels' song,
 And at last her knight she knew.

"And, oh, true knight with the steadfast eyes,
 (Said a woman's earnest thought),
 The theme of the minstrel never dies
 When the fight is truly fought;
 And hopeless captive, and trembling child,
 Shall see his armor of light;
 The strife is fearful, the foes are wild,
 But God will defend my knight."
 Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

"WRITE ME A LITTLE RIPPLING RHYME."

"WRITE me a little rippling rhyme
 Of summer prime,
 Sing of fair flowers and sweet leaves shed
 By roses red,"
 My lady said:
 "I weary of your songs sublime,
 Write me a little rippling rhyme.

"Among the clouds you need not climb!
 To choose your chime,
 Nor chant the woes of hearts that bled
 For love long fled,
 And rapture dead:
 You shall be grand another time,
 Write me a little rippling rhyme."

World.

From The Quarterly Review.

WESTERN CHINA: ITS PRODUCTS AND TRADE.*

WESTERN China is no longer the *terra incognita* from which, until quite recently, rare travellers alone lifted the veil at long intervals, to be followed by relapses into absolute seclusion. Since the outbreak of the great Mahometan revolt in 1856, and the subsequent establishment of a Panthay sultan in Tali-fu, up to the present day, public attention has been increasingly directed to this region, until now an extensive literature has grown up around it. Its latent resources and its actual trade not seldom form the theme of economists and news-writers, while the interest felt in the great Chinese race is now so general, that no apology is any longer needed for approaching what was once a recondite subject, and for presenting to the general reader fresh pictures of the varied regions that go to make up the empire of China. If it cannot be said literally of a lady of fashion of our day, as was said in Juvenal's Rome,—

Hæc eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
Quid Seres quid Thraces agant,

* 1. *Report of Mr. Davenport upon the Trading Capabilities of the Country traversed by the Yunnan Mission: presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1877.

2. *Travels and Researches in Western China.* By E. Colborne Baber. Royal Geographical Society: Supplementary Papers. London, 1882.

3. *China. Report for the Year 1888 on the Trade of Ichang.* Foreign Office, 1889.

4. *La Province Chinoise du Yunnan.* Par Emile Rocher, de l'Administration des Douanes Impériales de Chine. Paris, 1879.

5. *The River of Golden Sand, the Narrative of a Journey through China and Eastern Tibet to Burmah.* By Captain William Gill, Royal Engineers, with an Introductory Essay by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., R.E. London, 1880.

6. *Address of Mr. Holt S. Hallet, C.E., F.R.B.S., M.R.H.S., upon Burmah, our Gate to the Markets of Western and Central China: delivered before the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce on the 26th May, 1887.* London, 1887.

7. *Through the Yangtze Gorges.* By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. London, 1888.

8. *China: Skizzen von Land und Leuten von besonderer Berücksichtigung commercieller Verhältnisse.* Von A. H. Exner. Leipzig, 1889.

9. *Three Years in Western China.* By Alexander Hosie. London, 1890.

10. *China. Imperial Maritime Customs. Returns of Trade and Trade Report for the Year 1888.* Published by order of the Inspector-General of Customs. Shanghai, 1889.

at least the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the metropolis of the modern world is as anxious for news from beyond the pale of European civilization, as it is dependent upon these outlying regions for the daily supply of its material wants. China alone rivals the wide British dominion in populousness and in the industry and activity of its inhabitants, and every step that brings us nearer together is deserving of careful record and attention. Progress in this direction is necessarily slow, but so far it has been persistent. We cannot force the ultra-conservatism of the Chinese with a rush; we must make up our minds to a long siege, and be content to sit down before the walls watching for every opportunity, and not failing to make the most of each one as it occurs. China holds geographically a position on the Eurasian continent analogous to that of the United States on the American continent, while in actual area and in the extent of her natural resources she even exceeds the possibilities of the great republic. But her resources lie largely undeveloped, and her means of intercommunication are still lamentably deficient. With continued peace, and a consequent growth of confidence in the good-will and in the aims of the European nations that now touch her frontiers, and with whom she has only so recently become acquainted, we may expect many changes in advance in the coming generation. What has been done in this respect in the past generation is told us in the works the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article.

Of the eighteen provinces of China proper, Szechuen is the largest and the finest, and, until quite recently, was the province least known to Europeans. Marco Polo was the first traveller who gave any description of western China to the outside world, but his memoirs lay practically dormant and discredited until resuscitated, only a few years back, in the admirable edition of his travels published by the late Colonel Yule. The story of the adventurous journey of the Abbé Huc and Father Gabet in 1844 across China to Lhasa was the next to tell us of the richness and beauty of this distant land. In 1861, Captain Blakiston, in his attempted

expedition from Shanghai to Thibet, traversed the province of Szechuen as far west as Ping-shan, the head of navigation on the upper Yangtse, and incidentally gave us a peep into the wealth and populousness of the West. The late T. T. Cooper followed a few years later over the same ground, and, though foiled in his endeavor to get beyond Bathang, he has left us an amusing picture of the people in his "Pioneer in Pigtales and Petticoats." The expedition of Margary in 1875 may, however, be said to mark the era of the real commencement of a practical interest in this region, and the rise of a sustained endeavor to render it available as a field for European enterprise. In that year the Indian government, in a laudable anxiety to open up a trade route through Burmah to south-western China, despatched an expedition, under Colonel Horace Browne, to proceed *via* Bhamo to Yunnan-fu. Margary, an officer in the British consular service in China, was deputed to meet the expedition from the China side, and to act as its interpreter, and guide it across the frontier. He proceeded through the province of Yunnan in safety, and met Colonel Browne at his halt in the wild Kachyenne country, midway between Bhamo and Tali-fu, but on returning to China to announce the advent of the expedition, he was foully murdered at a place called Momein or Teng-yueh-chow, a town situated on the head waters of the Salween, some distance within the Yunnan frontier. The fact of his having been murdered by Chinese soldiers, — stabbed in the back without any quarrel or fracas, — coupled with that of the hostile attack by well-armed Kachyenne and Chinese on Colonel Browne's party on the following day, which was only saved from total destruction by the determined stand made by his Sikh guard, leaves little doubt that the Chinese government instigated the opposition, leaving the local authorities to devise the means. This is an old story in our intercourse with the Chinese. The central government, driven into a corner, gives a reluctant assent to the general proposition, and then sets to work to defeat its consequences in detail. And in this case, as in many others, the tortuous policy has succeeded.

Although Bhamo has since fallen into our possession by the conquest of upper Burmah, and the British Indian frontier now marches coterminous with the Chinese, still no further steps to improve this route have yet been taken. The investigation into the facts of Margary's murder was undertaken by Messrs. Grosvenor and Baber, who, in accordance with the agreement entered into by our minister in Peking with the Chinese government, were ordered to make inquiries on the spot. This expedition gave us further valuable knowledge of the country in their journals and in the blue-books which resulted, while leaving little doubt that the murder was the result of an atrocious plot on the part of the Yunnan viceroy. The demand of our government for redress ended in a meeting to discuss the matter, held in Chefoo, between Sir Thomas Wade and the trusted counsellor and envoy of the Chinese government, Li Hung-chang. The representative of the British government, fortified by the report of the Grosvenor Commission of Enquiry, originally demanded an examination into the conduct of the Yunnan viceroy, Tsên yü-ying, in whose jurisdiction the murder had been committed, but he ultimately yielded to the representations of Li as to the impossibility of the Chinese government putting a viceroy on his trial, and accepted the compromise known as the Chefoo Convention. By this convention, which was signed at Chefoo in the summer of 1876, the Chinese paid 10,000*l.* blood money to the relatives of the murdered consular agent, and agreed to open five new ports to foreign trade, of which Pakhoi on the west coast of Kwang-tung, Wenchow in Fokien, with Wuhu and Ichang on the Yangtse River, were opened unconditionally. Not one of these ports has, so far, justified by its trade the maintenance of the consul which its opening to British residents has been held to necessitate. The last concession, and in our opinion the only valuable one of the whole, was the opening of Chungking, *as soon as it should have been proved accessible to steamers.* This most unfortunate "condition precedent" robbed the only real equivalent offered for our abandonment

of the demand that Margary's murderers should be brought to trial, of half its value, while it opened the door to that endless quibbling in which Chinese diplomatists are past masters. Such as it was, the convention was signed. The fleet that had been sent north, threatening the Chinese with reprisals should they persist in their refusal to punish Margary's murderers, was withdrawn, and in due course the new ports were opened. So insignificant are the regions which they serve, that, so far, those four new ports combined only give occupation to five resident European merchants, and of these five three are Germans. Little attention was paid to Chungking, the "condition precedent" being considered too onerous and too risky for any prudent merchant to run. In order to be allowed eventually to settle in the port, he must first build a steamer fit to navigate the rapids, then get permission for her to run, and if he succeeded in getting up to Chungking and back without mishap, he would still have to wait an indefinite time for the practical result. For thus ran the wording of this celebrated negatively worded convention:—

British merchants will not be allowed to reside in Chungking or to open establishments or warehouses there so long as no steamers have access to the port. When steamers have succeeded in ascending the river so far, further arrangements can be taken into consideration.

But what if he lost his steamer in the first attempt? The Chinese might easily assert that this fact proved the river not to be navigable, and so endeavor to dispose of the question once for all. Even if, backed up by a minister in Peking of more energy and determination than falls to the share of the average official, he should succeed in obtaining permission to make a second, or a series of attempts, where was the man of business possessed of the inexhaustible resources that might be needed? In this way Chungking was forgotten, and the convention generally regarded as one more of the many sham triumphs of a diplomacy content to rest on the practical successes of a past and more vigorous generation. At length, in 1883, a Shanghai merchant, Mr. Archibald

Little, made a journey up to Chungking, subsequently described by him in glowing colors in "Through the Yangtse Gorges," and was so much impressed with the capabilities of the region that on his return he set to work to get it opened up. A preliminary application for permission for a steamer to run up, made at Mr. Little's request to the Tsung li Yamen by the then British *chargé-d'affaires* in Peking, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, produced a favorable although somewhat indefinite reply. Mr. Little, however, felt so far encouraged to proceed that, failing to find the required support in China, he came to this country in 1885 in the hope of arousing public interest here. For, strange as it may seem, European residents in China are somewhat sceptical of the benefits derivable from new ports. They are not unnaturally wholly absorbed in their own special business, in which, too, as a rule, all their available capital is engaged. A new port in their neighborhood takes away business from many of the old-established firms at the existing ports, and often compels them in self-defence to incur the expense, risk, and labor of establishing a branch at the rival *entrepôt*. Although there is indisputable evidence that the general trade between Great Britain, her colonies, and China, besides the profits in the new carrying trade thereby opened up to British vessels, is largely increased by the admission of new regions to the gate of a privileged "treaty port;" yet much of the produce, that formerly came to the old port, may now find its way to the new, while native buyers, if they find their wants supplied nearer home, will cease to make the more distant journey to the original mart. Hence the lack of enthusiasm in progress in China on the part of those supposed to be most interested, which is a surprise at first until we remember how strong is the conservatism of vested interests, with their rooted antipathy to any change that may disturb them. But here in Britain the case stands differently: Manchester cares not whom she sells to, and the more marts are open to her wares, the more she rejoices; Glasgow, too, finds, in new ports, new routes for her steamers and new openings for her indefatigable

citizens. And it was in these centres of our trade that Mr. Little found the main support of his scheme. He formed a small company, entitled the Upper Yangtse Steam Navigation Company, which in 1887 despatched from the Clyde their pioneer steamer, the Kuling, a sternwheeler designed to navigate the rapids above Ichang, and so open out the road to Chungking. But after his return to China his real difficulties commenced. The Tsung-li Yamén, or Chinese office for foreign affairs, whether they felt themselves entrapped into their original assent by Mr. O'Connor and so determined to back out of it at all hazards, or whether they really feared the resistance of the local authorities to the carrying out of the Chefoo Convention as far as Chungking was concerned, it is needless to decide. Suffice it to say, from the day of the arrival of the steamer in Ichang, February, 1888, to the day of her sale to the Chinese Customs in December, 1889, the Chinese authorities, both central and local, exerted every artifice for delay that a crafty people could devise, or a British minister, over-anxious to stand well in their good graces, would submit to. Mr. Little was referred about from Peking to Ichang and back again without being able to get possession of the repeatedly promised permit to run. It was granted at last in Peking, subject to confirmation by the local officials, with whom it seemed that now nothing further remained to be done but to draw up simple rules for the navigation; for which ostensible purpose, certain *wei-yuen*, or deputies, were sent to meet and arrange with Mr. Little and the British consul at Ichang in the early part of the year 1889, and there to hand him formally the hitherto intangible document, which, it was alleged in Peking, had already been despatched to Ichang for that purpose.

The central government had already exhausted their reasons why the steamer should not be allowed to go. Despatch after despatch had detailed to the British minister the impediments that would inevitably be met with, and for which the Tsung-li Yamén protested in advance that they would not be held responsible. The dangers besetting the path of an explorer upon the four hundred and fifty miles, which separate the haven of Ichang from his goal, Chungking, were depicted in most forbidding language. Not alone the irate junkmen and trackers would sink the steamer by collisions, but the monkeys, on their precipices in the long gorges, would resent the intrusion of the strange

apparition into their domain by hurling down rocks on her devoted decks. All these the Chinese government expressed themselves powerless to control. Now that the "deputies," or high commissioners, had arrived in Ichang, professedly to make arrangements for the coming voyage of the Kuling, they put forward the danger to the junks as the chief obstacle, and proposed all kinds of impossible rules, evidently with the sole object of procuring delay. In order to remove all pretext for further delay, Mr. Little offered to pay the value of all junks his steamer might run down, whether the steamer were in the right or in the wrong, and to enter into a bond giving security for the payment of such sums as might be adjudicated as due to the sufferers by collision both in life and property. This offer was telegraphed to Peking, but without result. The Chinese had determined the steamer should not go; and when one pretext after another was set aside, they finally avowed that the government would not permit steamers and junks to navigate the river simultaneously. Their final condition was that two days in each month should be set aside for the steamer's exclusive use of the river, during which days the junks should be tied up to the bank. This preposterous clause would have made of the run to Chungking a three months' voyage at least. Though seriously put forward, it was, of course, never meant to be accepted seriously. In short, the proposal was so absurd that it had the desired effect of breaking off the negotiations in Ichang, and thus, after three months wasted, the farce of the Ichang Convention, so called, came to an end. The British minister in Peking, Sir John Walsham, refused to give the Chinese notice that after a certain date he should authorize the steamer to start, and that he looked to the authorities to see that she was not molested. This simple course, which would most certainly have been adopted a generation back, and which was strongly pressed upon the minister, appeared not to be in accordance with modern diplomatic ideas, and the opportunity was lost. For the more our diplomatists get involved in correspondence with an astute people like the Chinese, the more hopeless does their position become. At last the Chinese proposed to secure themselves a respite by purchasing the *corpus delicti* of the diplomatic struggle, and so temporarily putting an end to it. This solution was eagerly seized upon on all sides.

It conceded no principle; it was a purely private transaction, and it gave everybody a breathing time after a wrangle in which all concerned were worn out. Thus the proverbial patience of the Chinese triumphed over the impatience of the barbarian, and the tortoise once more got the better of the hare. The legation officials in Peking were sick of the whole business after the *impasse* they had arrived at, and the shareholders in the steamer had reached the end of their resources. The abortive congress of Chinese and British officials, at Ichang, broke up in May, 1889, and in December of that year the steamer Kuling finally changed hands; the interval having been occupied in vain attempts, by the British minister in Peking, to obtain a serious reply to his repeated request that the Kuling should be allowed to run. Lord Salisbury, we are told, pressed the Chinese to fulfil the convention of 1876 with persistent vigor, and did not fail to urge our minister in China to bring matters to a conclusion. But the Chinese are past masters in the diplomatic art, and instantly perceive how far an antagonist is likely to push matters. Having found that we are no longer likely, as in the old days, to push matters to extremes in case of refusal, they now, when an unpalatable concession is demanded, take refuge in a *non possumus* and in absolutely shameless procrastination. They have pursued this policy in the Thibetan question so far successfully, and they did the same in this upper Yangtse business. So, when the offer for the steamer was telegraphed to London to the owners, we hear that the Foreign Office, who were, of course, informed of the offer and consulted on the matter, decidedly approved of its being accepted, believing that negotiations would go on more expeditiously with the steamer out of the way. And, in truth, no sooner was the steamer gone, than a counter-proposition appears to have been put forth by the Chinese — on the one hand, to open the port of Chungking at once, without waiting for the proof of the navigability of the river, which was the "condition precedent" set forth in the ambiguous Chefoo Convention; while, on the other hand, access to the long-sought goal is denied to British steamers until the Chinese themselves have led the way. An immediate advantage, in the admission of foreign goods into Szechuen upon payment of one import duty in Shanghai, is conceded, while the implied right to run steamers forthwith through to Chungking

is withdrawn. These terms having been accepted by our government, it remains now to be seen how long it will be before Chinese steamers commence to run. In the mean time, the admission of Chungking to the rank of a treaty port, will, undoubtedly, lead to a considerable increase in the consumption of British manufactures in Szechuen and western China, as a result of the abolition of all intervening transit dues from the coast; but for the further cheapening of the cost resulting from the substitution of steam for man power, we have still to wait. That this wait will not be long is the belief of those who know China best. The thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and, from this time on, we may expect to see the revivifying effect of foreign intercourse as potent in western China as it has been on the eastern seaboard. There, as in all regions where Chinese come under our rule or influence, wages advance, and the people are better housed and clad, while a general air of prosperous activity prevails. But away from this influence, alike in Peking, the capital in the far north, and in Yunnan, the province bordering on our Burmese possessions, stagnation and decay fill the traveller with pity and bewilderment.

All the travellers, whose names we have placed at the head of this article, are unanimous on two points: one, the richness of the resources and the natural wealth of western China; the other, the rudimentary condition of its material development, and the (shall we say — consequent?) deep poverty of the greater number of its inhabitants. Taking western, or rather south-western, China as consisting of the three provinces of Szechuen, Kueichow, and Yunnan, we find it comprises an area of three hundred and forty thousand square miles, or about twenty thousand square miles more than the combined area of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. Its aggregate population is estimated at about eighty millions, or much the same number as find subsistence over the corresponding area in Europe. But in China the bulk of this population is concentrated in the fertile lowlands of eastern Szechuen, which province appears to be hopelessly congested with a population of sixty odd millions; while the two provinces of Kueichow and Yunnan are credited with barely twenty millions between them. The much-needed migration does go forward to a small extent; but it is hindered by the want of roads, and the reluctance of the government to facilitate mining enter

prise, except when organized as a purely official undertaking. Hence the settlement of these two provinces, which have been largely cleared of their original inhabitants during the past two decades, proceeds but slowly. The causes of these clearances were: the well-known Panthay rebellion in Yunnan, which resulted in the practical extermination of its Mussulman population; and the insubordination of the Miao-tse, the aboriginal population of Kueichow, which has led to their being mostly killed off from the northern half of the province; scattered remnants having alone escaped to the more inaccessible regions in the south. These interesting and by no means uncivilized peoples seem, like their Mahometan fellow-subjects in Yunnan, to have been goaded into rebellion by the exactions and breaches of faith practised upon them by the provincial officials. These men whose aim, with a few honorable exceptions, is simply to pass their three years' term of office in peace and quietness, while amassing as much wealth as can be squeezed out of their district in this limited period, are merciless in the face of any opposition on the part of the people. Held responsible for results, and at a distance which takes months for a despatch to the central government to cover, the means are their own affair; and as a local viceroy had, until quite recently, but a very limited amount of physical force at his back, he felt obliged to maintain his prestige by severity, and to crush ruthlessly disaffection in the bud — a policy usually successful. But the present instances formed exceptions to the rule; and the knowledge that no quarter would be given, compelled the unfortunate Mahometans to fight out the struggle to the bitter end. The final catastrophe was the surrender of Ta-li-fu, then the Panthay capital, and consequent extermination of its inhabitants, men, women, and children alike, by the sword, and by drowning in its lovely lake. General Yang, who commanded the imperial forces at the time, was said to have amassed six million taels — about a million and a quarter sterling — for his own share of the plunder; and we well remember meeting the ruffian, who was returning home by the Messageries coasting steamer with six wives, laid out on the cabin table, being shampooed by two of them. Consul Rocher, who is now the French representative at Meng-tse, in Yunnan (a town adjoining the Tonquin border), and who was formerly for many years in the Chinese customs service,

gives a graphic account of this terrible massacre. M. Rocher was sent to deliver in Yunnan the arms of precision, and the European cannon which alone enabled the mandarins to prevail in the end. He thus describes the outbreak of the conflict in 1856:—

This new massacre of St. Bartholomew, so anxiously looked for by the anti-Mahomedan coalition, was at length carried out on the 19th of May, 1856—at least, this was the beginning. Bands of marauders, levied and subsidized by the mandarins, entered upon the campaign, supported by a number of the populace attracted by the prospect of plunder. Notwithstanding that the Mahomedans had been forewarned, few of them took any precautions: they had allowed themselves to be lulled into a false sense of security, in the belief that their friends and neighbors of the day before could not possibly become, all of a sudden and with no apparent motive, their murderers the day after. Meanwhile the people, worked up by the authorities and egged on by promises of booty, became lost to all sense of duty, and threw themselves upon innocent families with that savage fanaticism of which one sees but too many instances in wars of religion in all countries. In regions where their numbers were few, the Mahomedans were cut down without mercy; in other places, where resistance was attempted, they succumbed to numbers, and the remnant, utterly without resources, set fire to their homes and fled. Old men and children, incapacitated from flight, found no mercy at the hands of their executioners, and the young women whose lives were spared were only reserved to be the victims of worse brutalities.

And its termination in 1873:—

The Fu-tai [governor of the province] made use of the pretext of celebrating the deliverance of the city [Ta-li] to invite all the Mussulman chiefs to a grand banquet; those who had openly fought against the capitulation suspected a trap, while the prime movers in the surrender, who had been loaded with honors by the Imperial authorities, looked upon the invitation as nothing more than an obligatory ceremony. Yang yü-ko, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, alleged illness as an excuse for not being present, and sent one of his lieutenants in his place. The invited guests duly made their appearance, and were cordially received by the Governor; but when the time came for adjourning to the dining-hall, they were seized by soldiers posted in readiness at the doors, and in less than a minute seventeen heads rolled on the floor. Thereupon the Governor ordered a salute of six guns, the preconcerted signal for the commencement of the massacre in the town. It was the eleventh day of the occupation. What followed is indescribable. The soldiers pitilessly set themselves to massacre their hosts, whose hospitality they were enjoying; and the

population, who had flattered themselves that all fighting was over, found themselves taken by surprise, and never attempted any resistance. After three days of this inhuman butchery, the city of Tai-li and its environs presented a heartrending spectacle: out of 50,000 inhabitants, over 30,000 had perished in these ill-fated days, the survivors being totally dispersed. To show that there was nothing more to be feared from the rebellion, at the termination of the massacre the Governor despatched to the capital twenty-four large hampers, making twelve mule-loads, of human ears, sewn together in pairs. This trophy of the capture of Tai-li-fu was there exposed to the public gaze, along with the seventeen heads of the murdered chiefs.

This final scene reminds us of the analogous piece of treachery perpetrated by Li Hung-chang, the present viceroy of Chihli, when, in 1863, the Taiping Wangs, having surrendered their strong fortress of Soochow upon the personal promise of Gordon that their lives should be spared, were invited by Li to a feast where they were all ruthlessly massacred, Li posing in popular estimation as the hero of the rebellion from that time forth. It is difficult to imagine the ordinarily quiet, effeminate-looking Chinaman capable of the savage atrocities which he seems to reveal in when once his blood is roused.

Mr. Davenport also tells us of Yunnan:—

I have already described the fearful depopulation of this province, and which invariably accompanies a civil war in this country. The Imperialist soldiers seem to be seized with a kind of frenzy after an action, when nothing less than the destruction of all destructible property, and the slaughter of old men, women, and children, will suffice to satisfy their "intense hatred and animosity," to use the exculpatory language of their commanders. During a short rebellion, such as visited the neighboring province of Szechuen, the great bulk of the people are enabled, especially in a mountainous district, to seek shelter from the soldiery, and a few years after the termination of the struggle the gap in the population is filled up. In Yunnan, however, the war lasted for eighteen years, many towns were taken and retaken upwards of ten times, while during this long period the people who had taken refuge in the mountains, being unable to cultivate the irrigated bottom lands, died of starvation or its accompanying diseases. . . .

At the census of 1812, the population was estimated at 5,561,320, and the following forty years of peace probably brought the numbers up to 8,000,000. The decrease from 8,000,000 to 1,000,000 will astonish none who have had the opportunity of seeing the country on the sea-board before and after it was devastated

by the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. As to recovery, the very few officials in the province who seemed to take an interest in the matter were of opinion that the only possible means was to institute a compulsory immigration of the surplus population of Szechuen, under the management of the Chinese Government. The Chinese are very willing emigrants, even in opposition to the laws of their Empire, to any country under foreign rule where labor is well paid for, and their lives and property, as a general rule, fairly protected; but inside the Great Wall they are very unwilling to change their habitat. In Yunnan, in particular, beside the usual dread of the authorities and the supposed ferocity of the natives of a strange province, they complain that, owing to want of roads and feasible transportation, rice and everything else they could produce would be of no appreciable value.

Messrs. Davenport, Hosie, and Rocher, all describe the vast extent of terraced hills and of irrigation works, now abandoned, that cover the whole face of the province as well as the seemingly ubiquitous mines of gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, zinc, and copper, besides jade, amber, sapphires, lapis-lazuli, turquoises, and agates. Mr. Davenport winds up by saying, "In short, a volume would be required to point out all the mineral wealth of this richly endowed province."

The province of Szechuen, literally "four streams," or, as the ideographic characters may be freely rendered, "encompassed by streams," is well named. Szechuen is a grand natural basin, watered through a thousand channels by the perennial streams that flow from the lofty Thibetan mountains on its western frontier. Artificially increased and regulated in the plain of Ch'eng-tu, which thus rejoices in the most perfect system of irrigation in China, one group of these streams goes to form the Min-Kiang, or left fork of the great Yangtse River, which, after uniting with the Kin-sha-Kiang (Gold-dust River) from farther west washes the walls of Chungking in a mighty stream eight hundred yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Other streams from the north unite in the navigable Kia-ling Kiang, which joins the Yangtse at Chungking, the two streams being here divided by the rocky peninsula on which this celebrated city stands. Rain falls almost daily in this favored province, and the land being high the floods which curse the Yangtse's lower course are here unknown, though navigation is not seldom arrested for a time by the conversion of the Szechuen streams into raging torrents by the summer rains. The climate is damp and

warm, eminently beneficial to vegetation, but less healthy for man than the drier regions to the north and south. A belt of cloud and fog envelops the province during a great portion of the year, through which the sun's rays pierce intermittently, but with great force. Yunnan, which enjoys a bright and more bracing climate, although in a lower latitude, means literally "south of the clouds," thus indicating the misty character of the northern province. Yunnan, though lying between the 22nd and 28th parallels, is, owing to the average elevation of its valleys being some five thousand feet above the sea, less oppressive, and at the same time less favorable to vegetation than the hothouse atmosphere of Szechuen, situated between the 28th and 33rd parallels of latitude, but on an average level of about one thousand feet only above the sea. And the vegetation of Szechuen sets off the picturesque rocky outline of its scenery to perfection. Outside the plain of Chêng-tu, every stream and streamlet has worn its way through the soft red sandstone, and thus the rolling plateau of eastern Szechuen is cut up by innumerable glens, each one of which, with its clothing of ferns and wild flowers on the ruddy background of rock, presents a succession of pictures for a landscape painter. Where the transverse ranges of limestone, which break through the sandstone in parallel ridges of about two thousand feet altitude, trending generally N.E. and S.W., are cut through by the larger navigable rivers, we find true gorges with vertical cliffs and deep, abyss-like bottoms. All the products of the sub-tropical regions here flourish to perfection with the exception of cotton, which is always at its best in plains by the sea. In addition to the staples of rice and wheat (this latter now largely supplanted by the poppy) the land is gay with crops of beans, barley, maize, buckwheat, pulse, sorghum, ground-nuts, rape, the sugarcane, hemp, potatoes (sweet and ordinary), the tobacco plant, and the mulberry. A scientific rotation of crops, and the conscientious returning to the soil of the residue of all that is taken from it, explains the exceptional fertility. No sooner is one crop maturing than preparations are made for another, the new crop being often planted in the rows between the ripe crop yet unharvested. Groves of trees, evergreen and deciduous, surround the farmsteads which are here scattered all over the country at one hundred or two hundred yards' distance from each other, and are not so much grouped in villages

for mutual protection as in the less favored regions in the outer world beyond the mountains. Unlike the Japanese, in this utilitarian land a thrifty people grow trees for profit, rather than ornament, and except the banyans (*hoang-ko*) round the numerous shrines and sheltering the interminable succession of tea and rest-houses which line the chief highways, the groves have all an industrial value. The bamboo, which is to the sub-tropical regions what the palm family is to the inhabitants of the tropics, — food, shelter, and raiment, — frames every village prospect with its graceful, feathery verdure. On the higher slopes stand glorious woods of walnut and chestnut, while the bottoms are lined with the bright green mulberry and the delicately tinted tallow tree. The wood-oil tree and the varnish-tree yield valuable products in universal demand for home consumption, and furnishing a surplus for export as well. Sericulture is universal in Szechuen, and all but the very poor dress in silk. Every household breeds its silk-worms, which are fed not alone on the mulberry leaf but also on the leaves of the oak and of the *Cudrania triloba*; the women even go so far as to hatch the eggs in their bosoms. The district of Ya-chow supplies Tibet with the greater part of its brick tea, the quantity sent by the road of Ta-chien lu being valued at 200,000*l.* annually. Another most interesting produce of these parts, and which has been carefully examined into and minutely described by Mr. Hosie in his reports to the Foreign Office, is the insect wax — the *pai-la* or white wax of commerce. The insect producing this wax is bred in a valley situated five thousand feet above sea level, among the mountains in the south-west corner of Szechuen, which drive the Yangtse to make its great southern bend, in latitude 28°. The larvæ of this insect (*Coccus Pai-la* of Wedgewood) are here found on the large-leaved privet (*Ligustrum lucidum*) living in pea-shaped excrescences or scales; these are easily detachable, and in the end of April they are gathered from the trees and collected in the town of Teh-ch'ang, situated in latitude 27° 24', on the right bank of the Anning River.

Mr. Hosie in his book, which will always be a valuable compendium for reference on the subject, goes on to tell us: —

To this town [Teh-ch'ang] porters from Chia-ting annually resort in great numbers — in former years they are said to have numbered as many as 10,000 — to carry the scales across the mountains to Chia-ting. The scales

are made up into paper packets, each weighing about sixteen ounces, and a load usually consists of about sixty packets. Great care has to be taken in the transit of the scales. The porters between the Chien-ch'ang valley and Chia-ting travel only during the night, for at the season of transit the temperature is already high during the day, and would tend to the rapid development of the insects and their escape from the scales. At their resting-places, the porters open and spread out the packets in cool places. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, each packet, on arrival at Chia-ting, is found to be more than an ounce lighter than when it started from Chien-ch'ang. In years of plenty, a pound of scales laid down in Chia-ting costs about half-a-crown; but in years of scarcity, such as last year, when only a thousand loads are said to have reached Chia-ting from Chien-ch'ang, the price is doubled.

In favorable years, a pound of Chien-ch'ang scales is calculated to produce from four to five pounds of wax; in bad years, little more than a pound may be expected, so that, taken as a whole, white-wax culture has in it a considerable element of risk.

West from the right bank of the Min River, on which the city of Chia-ting lies, stretches a plain to the foot of the sacred O-mei range of mountains. This plain, which runs south to the left bank of the Ta-tu River, which forms the northern boundary of the Chien-ch'ang valley farther west, is an immense rice-field, being well watered by streams from the western mountains. Almost every plot of ground on this plain, as well as the bases of the mountains, are thickly edged with stumps, varying from three or four feet to a dozen feet in height, with numerous sprouts rising from their gnarled heads. These stumps resemble, at a distance, our own pollard willows. The leaves spring in pairs from the branches. They are light green, ovate, pointed, serrated, and deciduous. In June, 1884, when I visited this part of the country, some of the trees were bearing bunches apparently of fruit in small pods; but as no flowering specimens were then procurable, there still exists a little uncertainty as to this tree. I am informed, however, that it is, in all probability, the *Fraxinus Chinensis*, a species of ash. The tree is known to the Chinese as the *Pai-la shu*, or "white-wax tree."

The wax first appears as a white coating on the under sides of the boughs and twigs, and resembles very much sulphate of quinine, or a covering of snow. It gradually spreads over the whole branch, and attains, after three months, a thickness of about a quarter of an inch.

Mr. Hosie does not fully explain why the tree which produces the insect, and the tree upon which the insect deposits its wax, should not be cultivated in closer proximity. No other people but the Chinese would incur the labor and risk of

transporting insects a distance of two hundred miles on men's backs, and by night, for such an object. The melting-point of this insect wax being 160° Fahrenheit while the animal tallow melts at 95°, explains the great value placed upon this production in a land where (the treaty ports always excepted) gas and electric lighting are unknown. The Chinese "dips," with their clumsy rush wicks, give little light, but they have one virtue, that they will burn in the open air without guttering, and it requires a gale to extinguish them. This virtue is due to their outer coating of insect wax, and accounts for its former value of 500*l.* per ton. Of late years, however, the competition of cheap petroleum from America has largely reduced the consumption of candles in China; and where these were formerly burnt in every house, their use is now mainly confined to the handy varnished-paper lanterns, which the condition of Chinese streets renders absolutely indispensable to all, rich or poor, who venture out after dusk. The price of insect wax has now fallen to 200*l.* per ton, and the import into Shanghai from Szechuen last year was only five hundred tons, valued at 100,000*l.*

Fences are rare in China, and so valuable is the land in Szechuen that each farmer plants his ground close up to his neighbor's boundary, with no intervening division. The roads were all narrow enough when originally laid out, but we have seen, in places away from the main arteries of commerce, raised footpaths between the paddy-fields cut down by the greed of the cultivators of the land adjoining to a width of five or six inches; and a considerable traffic was going on along these paths, even not excluding an occasional sedan chair. To protect their crops from the ravages of the passing pack animals, the farmers along the borders of the roads scatter feathers in amongst the growing plants. The Chinese agriculturist neglects nothing; of the poppy, which now apparently replaces all other winter crops, Mr. Little tells us:—

If it were forbidden to collect the drug, his winter crop of poppy would still pay the farmer by its other products, such as the oil produced from the seed; the lye, used in dyeing, produced from the ash of the stalk, and the heavy crop of leaves which goes to feed the pigs, which every Chinaman keeps. Nor, with the Chinese system of applying all the town manure to the fields, does the crop exhaust the ground or render the summer crop of maize any less prolific.

We see that the Chinaman has long ago forestalled us in his attention to by-products, which in this country have only begun to be properly cared for quite recently. Britain would support double its present population upon our actual resources, if every inhabitant were as thrifty as are the Chinese, both rich and poor, and its agriculturists as well informed in their own special department and as minutely painstaking.

A very fine tobacco grows largely in Szechuen, where alone it is smoked in cigar form. The ramie fibre is widely cultivated for the manufacture of grass-cloth, that indispensable material of the well-to-do Chinaman's elegant and appropriate summer clothing, and the *Fatsia papyrifera* is planted for its pith, out of which deft Chinese fingers cut the thin sheets miscalled rice paper. Dye plants are less widely sown than formerly; the brilliant yet, at the same time, soothing colors of nature — safflower, indigo, madder — are giving place to the glaring products of chemical ingenuity. Aniline dyes are fast ruining Oriental art, and it is a question whether all the good we have given to Asia by our intercourse is not counterbalanced by the destruction of the old artistic feeling, which permeates all its productions, the commonest household utensil as well as the finest fabric, and the most precious "curio" of China and Japan.

Pisciculture has from time immemorial occupied the Chinese, and most successful they are in entrapping the spawn in the rivers in springtime and transporting it to inland fish-ponds. In Hupeh in the month of May row upon row of fine-meshed fishing-nets stretched on small square bamboo frames are seen floating in the muddy stream of the Yangtse in which the ova collect; these are afterwards taken out and placed in large earthenware jars, and as soon as the shoals of minute young fish appear, they are transported to inland towns and villages for deposition in the local fish-ponds. On their long journey by land and water, often extending over several weeks, the fishlets are fed from time to time with yolk of egg. We have seen many of the final homes of these fish far away in the hill country, hundreds of miles from the river of their birth. In the enclosed courtyard, which forms the entrance of every decent house in China, a square, stone-walled basin is let into the ground, atrium fashion, and in this the fish disport themselves ready to the hand of the cook, whose cheerful

workshop frequently forms one side of the entrance yard. A small conduit of clear running water from the neighboring mountain stream is conveyed into the basin under the enclosing wall at one corner and makes its exit by another. A small village is often composed of a double row of such houses, each with its private reservoir served from the common stream. In Szechuen even the shallow, stagnant water of the paddy-fields is utilized for pisciculture, and the land not only produces the Chinese staff of life, rice, but the staple next in importance in their diet, fish. In the early spring, reeds and rank grass are cut from the hillsides, made up into bundles, then strung on bamboos and laid down in the shallow water of the Yangtse weighted with stones. Here the fish spawn and the ova adhere to the grass and reeds, which are then taken up and sown. The grass is afterwards scattered in the terraced fields, running water being carried down from field to field by small cuts in the dividing earth-banks, each of which can be readily plugged with mud, and the circulation arrested or reopened as occasion requires.

Salt, produced from brine evaporated over natural fire wells, silk, opium, and drugs, form the staple exports to the east. Mr. Little tells us of the "inexhaustible supply of drugs, huge junkloads of which are despatched from Chungking throughout the season, to enrich the drug stores and destroy the stomachs of their customers, the dyspeptic well-to-do classes;" and of the principal street of Chungking he tells us, "The whole air is redolent with the heavy fragrance of Chinese medicines, a *mélange* apparently of rhubarb, liquorice-root, orris-root, lovage (*Radix levistici*), and musk." The Chinese, wisely or unwisely, imbibe their medicines in the form of *tisanes*, and a prescription made up at one of the chemists' shops requires a special porter to transport it. The movement of drugs in bulk, many valuable, some purely fanciful, is a conspicuous feature in the goods traffic from the west, and a large proportion of the freights in the river steamers trading to Ichang is derived from the cumbrous bales in which they are packed for transport.

Of the opium cultivation, in speaking of the endless stretch of country now devoted to this enervating drug, he tells us, writing of his journey in the month of April: "The whole Pong valley was beautifully cultivated, exclusively with poppy; the brilliant dark green of the

plant, sprinkled with the white flowers, giving the hills the appearance in the distance of being covered with rich pasture, from which the sun had not yet dissipated the morning dews."

The value of the opium produced in western China is (no statistics being available) generally believed to be fully equal to that of the foreign import from Persia and India, say 8,000,000*l.*; the quantity of native-grown, which fetches only two-thirds of the price of imported, being thus half as much again as its foreign rival. Even this sum of 16,000,000*l.*, spent on a drug which, in the opinion of many Chinese patriots, as well as in the opinion of the bulk of our European missionaries, is steadily and stealthily undermining the manhood of the nation, is but a flea-bite compared with the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in this country of 120,000,000*l.* On the other hand, China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, possesses probably less accumulated wealth than do Britain's forty millions.

The Chinaman's wants are fewer, and he leads a more contented life. Yet, in their way, the Chinese are great traders, and the interchange of products carried on by Szechuen with the neighboring provinces is estimated at something like 27,000,000*l.* Of this amount only a very trifling percentage passes through the Imperial Maritime Custom House situated at Ichang, the toll-gate of the upper Yangtse. The value given in the returns for the year 1888 is 1,250,000*l.* This covers all the goods landed at and shipped from Ichang in steamers. An equal value probably passes Ichang in junks. Deducting this, as well as the value of the salt and opium (the greater part of which is carried by bye-paths overland to avoid the tax stations), from the above total, we find a trade of some 15,000,000*l.* being carried on by other routes. The principal of these are the combined land and water route from southern Szechuen, by way of the Yuan River and the Tung-ting Lake, and the northern land route to the Han River, which debouches at Hankow. There is farther an overland trade between Yunnan and Burmah, *viâ* Tali and Bhamo, estimated at about 500,000*l.* in annual value. The French last year succeeded in running a stern-wheeler, or *monorne*, as they have dubbed this class of vessel, through their new Tonquin territory by the Red River to Laokai, on the southern Yunnan border. This is the shortest by far of any of the outlets of western China to the seaboard, but the

navigation, owing to the smallness of the stream and the greater fall in its bed, is far more difficult and dangerous than that of the upper Yangtse. It is estimated that, notwithstanding the difficulties of transit, one-fifth of the woollen goods imported from Great Britain into north China, *viâ* Shanghai, go on to Szechuen, as well as one-tenth of the cottons, the figures being (1888):—

	£
Total import of woollens into Shanghai . . .	1,500,000
Of which for Szechuen . . .	300,000
Import into Shanghai of cottons . . .	12,000,000
Of which for Szechuen . . .	1,200,000

It must be remembered that the bulk of the cotton clothing of the people of western China is made from imported raw cotton spun and woven by the women of the family. Cotton being little grown in the west, it has to be imported from the outside, and, as a consequence, all the roads converging on Yunnan and Szechuen are covered with cotton in the season. We have seen the rocks on the rapids of the Yangtse strewn with cotton, and on the land roads, strings of porters struggling along under the huge, unpressed bales, like ants under their eggs in the breeding season. Mr. Holt Hallett tells us that a quantity goes over from Zimmé, in Siam, at a cost of carriage of one shilling per ton per mile, while raw cotton is the main staple of the imports from Burmah. In the woollen trade, the heavy Russian cloths take a great part; these are also imported overland, and, owing to their good quality and total freedom from shoddy or other admixture of fibres, are in large general demand, notwithstanding their very high cost.

Mr. Exner gives an interesting account of the working of the salt monopoly—a curious mean between the farming of the revenue so prevalent in old times in Europe and our modern European methods of indirect taxation:—

The salt trade of China is of special interest for us, seeing that it is in the first place a monopoly of the Chinese Government, and at the same time, in its working, a rare and interesting instance of the carrying into effect of some of the Socialist ideas now prevalent in Europe. One of the leading theories of certain political Socialists, viz., that traders' profits should be regulated by the Government, is here exhibited in practice. China is, for the purposes of salt distribution, divided into, I believe, seven districts, each of which has its special centre of production. Salt may only be sold in the district in which it is produced. Any salt sold in another district is

regarded as smuggled and liable to be seized. The salt must be sold at a price fixed by the State, which for this purpose has in each district great centres of distribution, where it is then sold by the State at a correspondingly high price to so-called salt merchants. No one can be a salt merchant without having a warrant from the Imperial Salt Commissioner, and this warrant not only enables the possessor to buy salt for an indefinite time, but it can be sold again, or, what is more usual, bequeathed as an heirloom. These warrants have a high value, and although differing in the different districts can on an average be sold for from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds sterling. This license enables the salt merchant to buy about 250 tons of salt and to sell this amount at any market he pleases in the district. But he cannot sell it to any one he chooses. As he got possession of the salt through Government, so must he also dispose of it through the Government. To this end he must deliver it to the District Salt Inspector in a Salt Customs Building. There are several of these buildings in every place of any importance. The Salt Inspector then sells the salt at a proportionately higher price fixed by Government and in the order of its arrival. After it is all sold the merchant gets back his warrant, and the money for his salt, custom dues and other official expenses having been deducted therefrom. His profit in each transaction is therefore absolutely fixed, consisting only of the difference of the price fixed by Government for buying and selling, minus customs and other expenses. It varies from year to year, depending upon the merchant's sagacity in choosing the best market, and thus getting back his warrant more quickly, so as to be able to go back and buy another 250 tons.

The salt merchant's profit thus depends upon the speed with which he can turn over his warrant and recoup himself his outlay. It is not often that a warrant is turned over more than once in a year. One sees tier upon tier of junks lying for months waiting to load at the salt depôts, and again waiting their turn to discharge when, after many weeks' toilsome tracking, they have at last reached their destinations.

Mr. Baber, in his inimitable account of his journeys in western Szechuen, speaking of the country between Chungking the commercial and Chêng-tu the political capital, states that the agriculture of this district,

favored by the comparative level, and by the exceptional possibility of irrigation from the river and its tributaries, is successful above the average, particularly in sugar. . . . The whole country is dotted over with cottages at a short distance from one another, picturesque and frequently spacious edifices composed of

a strong timber frame filled up in the interstices with walls of stone below and mud above. . . . Baron von Richthofen, in drawing attention to this broadcast distribution of habitations, remarks that, "people can live in this state of isolation and separation only when they expect peace, and profound peace is indeed the impression which Szechuen prominently conveys." Richthofen goes on to say of this part of the country: "There are few regions in China that, if equal areas are compared, can rival with the plain of Chêng-tu as regards wealth and prosperity, density of population and productive power, fertility of climate and perfection of natural irrigation; and there is probably no other where at the present time refinement and civilization are so generally diffused among the population." Baber goes on to tell us, "Another characteristic of the purely farm life as distinguished from village life, of the agricultural population is the markets (ch'ang). . . . These gatherings are the centres of news, gossip, official announcements, festivals, theatrical shows, and public and family meetings." Farther west he tells us, "Gold is found in nuggets occasionally of large size in the border country." At the turn where the highway to Tachien lu leaves the Tung, gold borings driven into the rock may be seen on the further bank. . . . The gold was offered me for sale in the shape of pills of clay, full of minute scales of the precious metal. Quite lately gold has been discovered close to Tachien lu (on the Thibetan frontier) and the rush of diggers has caused a good deal of embarrassment to the authorities.

The present inhabitants of Szechuen are nearly all descended from immigrant families, chiefly from Hupeh and Kiangsi, dating from the sixteenth century. The original population was almost entirely exterminated by the wars with which the province was ravaged upon the accession of the reigning Manchu dynasty; hence, as might be expected, no distinction is observable between the Szechuenese and the inhabitants of the more easterly provinces. Of the aboriginal inhabitants absolutely nothing is known. Striking evidence of their existence is displayed in the cave buildings cut out of the sandstone cliffs that line the rivers, roomy dwellings, highly ornamented. The peoples who executed these works are known to the Chinese as Man-tse, which means barbarians, a term sufficient to destroy all interest in them in the eyes of a native archæologist. Mr. Baber says of them:—

A persistent and plodding exploration of these interesting monuments will have to precede the formation of any trustworthy opinion respecting their design and their designers. The caves are of many kinds, and may have served many uses. They may have been

tombs, houses, granaries, places of refuge, easily defended storehouses, shrines, memorials, and even sentry boxes, according to their disposition and situation. The local Chinaman, a person of few thoughts, and fewer doubts, protests that they are the caves of the Mantze and considers all further inquiry ridiculous and fatiguing. His archaeological speculations have not been greatly overstepped by my own theory which I offer with diffidence,—that these excavations are of unknown date, and have been undertaken, for unexplained purposes, by a people of doubtful identity.

This vast and magnificent country of western China is now at last opened up; its commercial metropolis, Chungking, has been made a treaty port. This great advance was quietly effected by the negotiation with the Chinese government, through our minister at the court of Peking, Sir John Walsham, of an additional article to Sir Thomas Wade's treaty of 1876. A clause to this effect, supplementary to the original Chefoo Convention, the article of which we have quoted above, was signed at Peking on March 31st last. In the words of the *Times* correspondent wired from Peking on the 3rd of April: "Direct intercourse is thus established with a large, wealthy, and prosperous province, and British steam enterprise inland is guaranteed as soon as Chinese steamers ply. This success is now achieved where the Chefoo agreement failed. This considerate negotiation promotes friendliness, and a large, healthy, and natural trade will develop, and, with the help of improved appliances, expand, the good-will of both people and government being assured, instead of their opposition.

The comments made upon this news, which was published in the *Times* of April 5th, as well by the provincial as by the metropolitan press, hardly appreciate the full value of this advance. They seem to say, "What is the use of an open port if you are not allowed to go there?" It is true that British steamers have to wait for Chinese to lead the way, and that thus steam communication with the new port appears to be indefinitely postponed, and that so far the astute Chinaman may be assumed to have scored a point against us. But the fact remains, that the long disputed haven of Chungking is actually "open," and it is needful to know what this phrase means in order to be able to appreciate the full value of the concession made to us. An "open" or "treaty" port is one at which foreign goods are admitted upon payment of one *ad valorem* duty of

five per cent., and at which native Chinese produce is exported on the same terms. In the case of an inland port like Chungking, which is situated fifteen hundred miles distant from the seaboard, all its foreign imports must necessarily pass through Shanghai for transshipment from the ocean to river steamers. Such goods, by paying duty at the customs in Shanghai, will be free from all further tax, and can now be conveyed by steamer and junk to their destination unmolested by the numerous inland custom-houses (*li-kin*) and the local octroi (*lo-ti-chuan*). Farther, after his goods have been thus safely landed in the new treaty port, the foreign merchant there can forward them on his own or on native account to more remote inland marts in communication with Chungking on payment of an additional transit tax of two and a half per cent. only, again clearing all the local custom-houses *en route*. In this way centres like Yunnan-fu and Tali-fu in Yunnan, Kuei-yang, the metropolis of Kweichow, Cheng-tu, the state capital, and Tachien lu, the great trading mart on the Thibetan frontier, will be effectively reached by the foreign trader with his cotton and woollen piece goods, in exchange for which he will be empowered to take back the native productions of the country upon the same easy terms. Besides being thus placed in connection with the different *entrepôts* of the great southwest, the foreign merchant established in Chungking is further, by the Kia-ling River which debouches at that port, placed in direct relation with the less known provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su in the north-west.

It is pardonable that press-men and others in this country should have difficulty in appreciating the full advantage of adding a twentieth to the nineteen treaty ports already open in China. No one who has not visited them on the spot, and travelled in the interior as well, can know what the full meaning of the magic words "open port" really is. The open ports are oases of light and activity, in a waste of darkness and stagnation. The dark ages of Europe seem to be reproduced in many of the remoter regions of China. All our modern ideas of progress and the possibility of improving their lot, seem non-existent in the official as well as in the popular mind. A literary mandarin, who has worn out his eyesight in studying for the many examinations he has passed through, will ask you calmly if the same sun shines in your country,

and whether it is true that your men-at-arms are only invincible as long as they maintain their upright position. Even the wise Li Hung-Chang, generally and rightly considered to be the most enlightened statesman that China possesses, once alleged in our hearing, that it was useless for us to attempt to navigate the upper Yangtse, for the reason that the great Yü, when opening out the channel of the gorges, neglected to remove the rocks. This great Chinese artificer, who was kept so hard at his engineering labors, draining the marshes and embanking the rivers, that for years he never returned home, and during that time on three occasions he passed by the door of his house without going in, retired from his labors B.C. 2278. His Excellency implied that the great Yü had evidently intended no steamers should run there. Doubtless, there is a leaven at work in our presence in China, which will in time leaven the mass, and the more points of contact, in the shape of treaty ports are created, the quicker will be the advance, but to the outward eye only a small radius round each port has been so far affected. It is true that the electric wire now unites in its bonds all the chief cities of the eighteen provinces, but its use, except always at the treaty ports, is almost always entirely confined to the carriage of official despatches. As usual in all officially conducted enterprises in China (and the Chinese government acknowledges no union of capitalists for large enterprises apart from official management), little encouragement is given to the general public. In the case of the telegraph, the charges are high, averaging about one shilling a word, more or less, according to distance. This tariff is, with a thrifty people like the Chinese, quite prohibitive as far as social messages are concerned; and for business purposes its use is confined to the few wealthy merchants in the larger towns, and by them it is used very sparingly. In the less important places it is not open to the public at all, although the needful stations and operators are to be found there. At one such station, in the town of Shintan in Hupeh, we once tried to send a message. After much inquiry we at last found our way to the *tiempao chü*, or "lightning despatch office," and were shown to an old, out-of-the-way, two-storied Chinese dwelling-house. Climbing up an inconveniently steep ladder we reached the upper story, which consisted of a roomy loft, with a rickety, loose plank floor and no ceiling beneath the unce-

mented tile roof. The apartment had every appearance of not having been swept or garnished since the day it was constructed. As our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light admitted through the small paper windows, we perceived in one corner a curtained trestle bedstead illuminated by a diminutive opium-smoker's lamp, in another corner a telegraphic signalling instrument with a silk cover to protect it from the dirt, and a couple of the usual stiff-backed, wooden, Chinese chairs. A few clothes trunks and a tumble-down wardrobe completed the furniture. As we entered, a man of thirty, handsomely dressed in silk, arose from the bed and welcomed us to a seat. He received us with great effusion and, to our surprise, seemed really pleased to see his haunt invaded by a barbarian. A lad of eighteen or less, also gaily dressed in silks, produced the hospitable tea, and conversation commenced. The manager could not accept my message without a card from the *taotai*, or governor, who resided forty miles distant and with which he advised me to provide myself on a future occasion. The lad, who turned out to be an operator trained in Shanghai, had merely to report on the condition of the wires, which he did daily by telegraphing to the next station the English words "all right." The rest of the English he once knew he appeared to have forgotten. As to the elder man, the manager, a sociable Soochow man, he talked of himself as an exile among savages with no society, no occupation, and no amusements; he thoroughly enjoyed a visit from one who came from the civilization of Shanghai, and seemed deeply to regret our departure. He particularly lamented his hard lot, in that having bought two thousand English words of a native teacher of English in Shanghai, at a cost of two dollars per hundred (so he expressed himself), he had now only use for two words, and had almost entirely forgotten the remaining nineteen hundred and ninety-eight. This amount of English, so expensively acquired, should have been the means of his securing a better appointment than forty pounds a year in a remote inland town. We have given prominence to this incident as it is characteristic of the enormous gulf that separates China at the treaty ports, from China uncontaminated by our presence, in all that makes up the movement, intellectual and material, of our modern progressive civilization. The electric telegraph was forced upon the Chinese by the acutely felt need of the

government in the north to communicate with their troops who were fighting the French in the south, two thousand miles away in Tonquin. A Danish company, the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, were the fortunate contractors, and the network of wires, embracing all the eighteen provinces, was erected by them with marvellous despatch, and handed over to native operators, some trained by themselves, some trained in America—to work.

Thus China moves, and so far wars have been her chief instigators in the path of that material progress which it is now generally conceded must accompany, if not precede, moral progress; and that there is room for and sharp need of progress in China, the perusal of every work of travel in that country cannot fail to convince the most conservative. Even those who take Ruskin literally, and sympathize with the old Chinese statesman's ideal of every man on his plot of ground, growing the food for his family and the raw material for his clothing, which is spun and woven by the women of the house, must admit the failure of the present system. The inequalities of fortune, and the inequitable distribution of the necessities and comforts of life, are all too glaring in our European cities and in our country villages; but the poorest workman or workwoman here looks well fed in comparison with the crowds of shrivelled, half-starved wretches by which one is surrounded nearly everywhere in inland China. The ravages of the most horrible diseases, which medical science has practically stamped out of Europe, are patent on all sides, and on fête-days and festivals we have seen the country roads thronged with, literally, thousands of the most cruelly repulsive specimens of rotting humanity. In the environs of the larger treaty ports we find the laborers' wages tripled, and the value of the farmers' produce quadrupled. The people are better fed, and large numbers of the sick are treated in our hospitals, so that scenes like the above are seldom seen there. Under existing conditions large regions in China, and notably the rich and fertile province of Szechuen, which has formed the main theme of our present review, are vastly over-populated, and large numbers exist there in a condition of permanent semistarvation in consequence. But resources capable of maintaining in comparative comfort a far larger population exist here as elsewhere in China. The mineral

wealth, notably coal, only requires the application of Western methods, to become a large source of revenue to the State, and of employment to the surplus inhabitants. Above all, however, means of communication are the first necessity. With no roads but narrow mountain footpaths, every impediment stands in the way of migration from the congested districts of Szechuen to the sparsely peopled valleys of Yunnan and Kweichow; and even when once there the immigrant farmer, owing to the difficulties of intercommunication, finds no outlet for his surplus produce, which, on the other hand, is so sadly wanted for the masses in the great cities. A "treaty port" established in this region means a new centre of activity, higher wages, and vastly increased employment for the laboring classes; to the surrounding country it means an increased outlet for their productions, and a steady rise in values. To the officials and gentry it means a concrete example of the gains to be derived from Western methods of progress as opposed to the stagnation involved in fixing their ideals in the past. To the missionary it means a fair field and no favor, and to the medical missionary an additional sphere of work amongst the indigent sick. To the people generally our settlements yield a specimen of order and cleanliness in a wilderness of dirt and discomfort, which they do nothing to alleviate until stimulated by our contact. As Mr. F. H. Balfour, an old resident in China, in his article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, in January, speaking of the model missionary, most truly tells us, "He lives in some dirty, crowded town, far away in the interior, where his modest Chinese house, running round a well-kept garden, and presided over by a notable English or American housewife, is not only an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt and stench, but a reproach and an example to the sordid dwellings of his neighbors." Chinese cities boast no municipalities and practically no police; each man does what is right in his own eyes, and it is open to one and all to befoul the roadways at their own sweet will, while the greed of the shopkeepers is forever narrowing the crowded alleyways that, with the one exception of the capital (and this has its own peculiar amenities), do duty for streets. Our "settlements," with their broad, tree-lined avenues, magnificent quays, and garden-encircled houses, are greatly admired by the natives. At Han-

kow, six hundred miles up the Yangtse, the common term in use among the Chinese for the British settlement, which is built on the site of an old swamp which has been filled up and raised by the enterprise of the residents, until its level is now higher than that of the Chinese town adjoining, is Hwa-lo, or Flowery Pavilions. Such oases are not without their influence and examples, and in the native cities at the treaty ports a marked, though very slow, advance in the direction of order and cleanliness is distinctly noticeable. Streets have been repaved, and the black slush underlying the broad stone slabs, which has a peculiarity of squirting up under the trousers of the unwary European as he treads on what the Chinese elegantly term, "swimming stones," has in many cases been dug out and removed. In Hanyang, the prefectural city adjoining Hankow, from which it is separated by the deep but narrow Han River, a tree-lined *bund*, solidly built up with blocks of red sandstone has been laid out. At some of the more recently opened ports, such as Wuhu and Ichang, which were thrown open to British trade by the Chefoo Convention of 1876, the privilege of a separate area for foreigners to reside in appears not to have been insisted upon. In the case of Ichang, the unwise abandonment, under Sir Thomas Wade, of the concession originally marked out for a foreign settlement, has undoubtedly been the cause of much sickness, and some deaths, among the few Europeans who have as yet resorted to that port, and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a decent site to reside in, has deterred more than one would-be settler from adventuring there. Let us hope, that in the newly opened port of Chungking, in Szechuen, wiser counsels may prevail, and that the right of British residents there will not be construed merely into the right of renting (at an exorbitant rent) a Chinese house with its pestilential surroundings. At the time the older treaty ports were opened, it was looked upon as a *sine quâ non* that British subjects should be encouraged to resort to them by having every possible facility for settlement offered them. Such facilities include the power to live under the conditions that health, under a sub-tropical sun and damp, rainy climate, demands; these are not obtainable in ports where the foreign residents are scattered about amidst Chinese surroundings. The foreign settlements are regarded with no friendly eye by the Chinese official; and, apparently, it is in the vain endeavor to

please this class that our ministers in China have ceased to insist upon what was, till quite lately, regarded as the necessary concomitant of a treaty port. The climate *per se* undoubtedly is healthy, as Pliny describes it: "*coeli jucunda salubrisque temperies leniumque ventorum commodissimus flatus*;" but, as far as unseasoned Europeans are concerned, it is not giving the climate a fair chance, when it is only to be enjoyed in the midst of Chinese humanity; while "gentle favorable winds," when tempered with the breath of Chinese cities, decidedly lose their virtue.

Few now living are likely to see railways permeating and developing this grand region of the earth's surface. These three western provinces are so cut off by precipitous ravines, steep mountain ridges, and deep, wide rivers, that the outlay necessary to make roads for the iron horse is quite beyond the means of the Chinese people or their government as at present constituted. Ordinary roads barely exist in China, and, without the aid of Western capital and science, railroads will never penetrate those distant regions. So far, only one railway exists in China—a short line of eighty miles, connecting the coal mines of Kaiping, on the Manchurian border, with the shipping port of Tientsin—finally completed and opened to traffic in 1888. This line runs through a marshy, thinly populated country, but which has the advantage of being immediately under the jurisdiction of the powerful viceroy of Chihli, Li-Hung-chang. Yet even his influence failed in prolonging the line eighty miles farther to its natural terminus, Peking. This line was built with native capital, but with imported English rails, and the rolling-stock was also imported, mainly from England. But, now it has been decreed that future lines are to be built by Chinese, of Chinese materials, and with Chinese capital exclusively (the Hukwang viceroy, Chang chih-tung, within whose jurisdiction lies the recently authorized line from Hankow to Peking, is now engaged with two German mining experts, searching for suitable coal and iron ore with which to commence operations), the progress of future railways will be slow indeed. And in a country like south-western China, even were foreign capital to be invited to construct the roads, they could hardly prove remunerative, as long as free exploration of the mineral resources of the region is prohibited. The Chinese have neither the capital, the knowledge, nor the energy, to develop

their mines seriously; and the government will not allow the small native companies, that here and there attempt mining in a most primitive old-world manner, to avail themselves of foreign assistance. With the restless European pressing in upon them on all sides; with Russia occupying the best part of Manchuria in the north, with France holding Tonquin in the south, with the British Indian frontier touching them in the west, the Chinese can hardly remain long as they are. Either they will be absorbed gradually by their more enterprising neighbors — a process which we believe to be a matter of indifference to the great mass of the people who care little who governs them as long as they have equitable rulers able to keep order; or, like Turkey, they may rub on as they are on sufferance, owing to the mutual jealousy of their enemies. The latter seems the more likely prospect; and, eventually, the time must come when Western modes of thought will have taken hold, and the present archaic system of education be reformed in accordance with modern requirements. We shall then see what a race like the Chinese, endowed with exceptional industry, perseverance, and *patience*, and with no lack of brain power, is capable of. But, unless another convulsion like the Taiping rebellion should occur (and this is by no means an impossibility), throwing over tradition bodily, as did the first emperor, B.C. 220, it will be a long time yet before China takes that place in the world to which her numbers, resources, and high civilization, justly entitle her.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," ETC.

PART II.
CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.

SPEAKING generally, it may be said that towns which have a season should be carefully avoided out of that season, save by persons whose natural hilarity is so great that they can endure the sight of closed shutters and forsaken streets, and can keep up their spirits amid scenes which have all the melancholy of a desert without its grandeur and mystery. Nobody, for instance, would be in London

during the month of September if he could help it, or at Nice in July, or at Cowes in January. Certain places, however, there are which do not lose all their cheerfulness and gaiety (perhaps because they have not a superabundance to lose), when the quiet time of the year comes round, and amongst these Torquay may claim to be counted. Torquay is, of course, a winter resort. Nobody denies — nor would it be worth anybody's while to deny, in the face of the statistics which doctors and other learned persons have at their fingers' ends — that during the nine cold months of the year Torquay is a little less cold than the rest of the United Kingdom; but what is not so generally admitted, because not so generally known, is that this favored spot, besides being comparatively warm in winter, is decidedly cool in summer. It is in summer that the well-to-do residents go away for change of air; it is in summer that many of the innumerable and oddly named villas which cover its hills are to be let upon moderate terms, and it is in summer that the place acquires a beauty and charm which can hardly be said to belong to it when the sea is no longer blue and when the leaves have fallen from the trees.

It was partly in consequence of the natural advantages of the place, and principally in consequence of the annual reduction in house-rent which has been mentioned, that a certain small villa had been made ready to receive temporary tenants one fine August afternoon. The proprietors of the villa, in accordance with a common custom, had left their servants behind them, and these functionaries were awaiting, with the serene impartiality which characterizes irremovable persons of all ranks, the advent of employers who might possibly be unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied with them, but who could have no power to dismiss them.

"Gentleman's a hartist, I understand," the butler was saying to the housemaid. "I don't think much of hartists, without 'tis hamatyooors. What I mean to say, a man as gets his livin' by paintin' pictures don't take rank with the harmy or the navy. I've told cook to say to 'em as they must dine middle o' the day on Sunday or else 'ave their dinner cold. And *then* I shouldn't wait upon 'em. On'y three in family, I think you said, Mary?"

The housemaid nodded. "And bringin' no lady's maid, which sounds as if they was a shabby lot. I did hear tell as they'd been living abroad for a number of

years and was bad off. Sometimes the pore ones is more liberal than the rich, though."

The butler, a man of experience, shook his head. "Not when servants' wages is included in the rent," said he despondently. "When they goes to stay with their friends 'tis different, because then they don't want to be known for what they are, you see; but the moment there's no call to show off a hartist is a mean feller, you may depend."

In this particular instance, however, the butler was mistaken. During the twelve years which had elapsed since his marriage Cecil Archdale's nature had not changed, nor had he become more careful with regard to money matters, although he had now a good deal less money to throw away. His outward appearance, too, had scarcely altered for the worse as much as that of most men does after they have taken leave of youth and entered upon that prolonged period of middle age when looks are of small importance. As he jumped out of the fly which had brought him and his belongings from the station, the expectant servants beheld a man who was still handsome, if a trifle too stout, whose hair had not yet begun to turn grey and whose face was not furrowed by care. He might very well have passed for being six or seven years younger than he actually was.

The same compliment could not have been conscientiously paid to his wife. Marcia's dark tresses had plenty of white threads in them; her eyes had become sunken; her complexion was a thing of the past. She had grown old; the expression of her face, when in repose, showed that she had also grown sad; and as she entered the house, followed by her little daughter, a child of eleven, the listlessness of her movements seemed to afford evidence that she was out of conceit with a world which had treated her neither better nor very much worse than she had deserved. She had perhaps been more unhappy in her second marriage than in her first; yet, since she had never admitted this to herself, the point must be regarded as doubtful; for of course nobody can really be more unhappy than he is conscious of being. Marcia, at all events, had been conscious of much anxiety and distress of mind. Her husband had proved himself just the sort of husband that she might have expected him to be; he had been in love with her for almost a year after their wedding day; he had retained as much affection for her as her jealousy would

allow an easy-going, good-natured man, who hated scenes, to retain; he had seldom spoken unkindly to her and had treated her, upon the whole, fairly well, although it cannot be denied that he had more than once given her reasonable excuse for being jealous. He had, however, deteriorated during their long sojourn abroad, which had only been broken by occasional flying visits to their native land, and which to a man of his indolent, sensuous temperament had been inevitably harmful. It is quite possible that poverty and the bracing rigors of a northern climate might have made a great artist of Cecil Archdale; but he had lacked these incentives to exertion and was now past the age at which fortune and renown are likely to be acquired. In the course of a dozen years he had painted some half-dozen good pictures, and had been well paid for them, and had promptly spent the money. He had not been altogether forgotten, but he certainly had not increased his fame, and he was spoken of as having failed to carry out the promise of his youth. The worst of it was that he knew this and did not care. What he had come to care a great deal for was material comfort, and especially for that important part of it which depends upon a good dinner.

"I do trust," he said earnestly to Marcia, who was taking stock of the small drawing-room, "that these people have left us a decent cook. I never heard of anything more risky than hiring a house and servants without having seen either. Do you think it looks the sort of house in which people would live like civilized beings?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "There is no kitchen-maid," she answered, "and I should imagine that the cook's wages would be under thirty pounds a year. We can't expect to get a *cordon bleu* thrown in for the rent that we are paying, and as we can't possibly afford to give more —"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Archdale hastily. "For heaven's sake, don't let us talk about economy; it is bad enough to be obliged to practise it! Torquay may be a very nice place for people of slender means to spend the summer in; but I don't think I should select it if I were as rich as Lady Wetherby. I wonder what she does with herself here all day long!"

"She sits in the garden and looks at the view, I believe," answered Marcia. "At least, that is what she told me in her letter that she did. I suppose, now that her daughter is out, she has more gaiety than she cares about during the London

season and is glad enough of a little rest and solitude when it is over."

"Quite so; the only difference between me and Lady Wetherby is that my daughter is not out, that she would not see much of London gaiety if she were, and that, although we appear to have a small garden, we haven't any view to speak of. Well, I suppose we shall manage to pull through somehow. The least that Lady Wetherby can do, after bringing us here, is to suggest to us some means of whiling away the time without yawning our heads off."

The responsibility which Mr. Archdale thus sought to fix upon Lady Wetherby was not quite justified by facts. Marcia and her former schoolfellow had not met for many years, though they had kept up an intermittent correspondence, and the latter had scarcely expected a chance phrase in one of her letters to be taken literally. "If you really think of coming to England in the summer," she had written, "and if, as you say, you can't make up your minds what watering-place to patronize, let me recommend Torquay. You won't find much in the way of amusement there; but, by writing to one of the local house-agents, you will easily get a comfortable villa at a low rent, and you will be within reach of an old friend who would be delighted to see you again."

Upon the strength of that encouragement Marcia had decided to delight an old friend. Since her second marriage she had made many new friends, but none who had quite filled Laura's place, and, of course, none so intimately acquainted with the story of her life. It was, therefore, with anticipations of receiving sympathy as well as condolence that she betook herself, on the following morning, to Malton Lodge, which was the name given by Lady Wetherby to her prettily situated villa on the summit of the Lincombe hill. For indeed she believed that she had every right to claim both.

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a little chilled and a little envious when a butler and two powdered footmen opened the door for her and ushered her into a luxuriously furnished drawing-room. It may very well be doubted whether the possession of two footmen, instead of one, adds much to anybody's happiness, or whether the floury appearance of these menials' heads enhances their attractiveness very greatly in the eyes of their employers; but such signs and symbols of wealth are full of significance to less fortunate people, and while Marcia, sitting

beside an open window and gazing across lawns and flower-beds and shrubs at the expanse of blue sea beyond, awaited her friend, she reflected somewhat bitterly upon the unequal hand with which the favors of fortune are distributed. It seemed to her that she had started in the race of life under conditions at least as favorable as Laura Beaumont had done; as regarded looks, at all events, the advantage had certainly been upon her side. Yet, now that she had reached middle age, she was anxious, troubled, and in straitened circumstances, whereas Laura had all that the heart of woman could desire. So she sighed and repined, as the immense majority of mankind would doubtless do if they had time to be so foolish; and probably this consciousness of having been unfairly treated had something to do with the lack of cordiality which she displayed when a stout, grey-haired lady rushed into the room and embraced her.

But Lady Wetherby was cordial enough for two. "My dear Marcia," she exclaimed, "what a pleasure this is! I made up my mind years and years ago that you would live and die in some foreign land and that I should never hear the sound of your voice again. You aren't as much altered as I expected you to be; I should have known you at once if I had met you in the street. You wouldn't have known me, though — would you now?"

"Not if I had met you in the street, perhaps," answered Marcia, a little mollified; "but I should have recognized your voice at once. And now that I look at you, I can see that you are still the same good, kind-hearted old Laura as ever. Well I dare say you have had nothing to spoil your temper."

"I have been very fortunate and very happy," Lady Wetherby admitted. "Wetherby has grown up into the best of sons, and indeed he has never given me any serious anxiety. As for Evelyn, I am sometimes told that I have spoiled her, but I can't see that the spoiling has done her much harm and I don't think it will prevent her from securing an excellent husband when the time comes. I really haven't a word to tell you about myself, because everything has gone smoothly with me; but I should like to hear how the world has treated you all this time."

Marcia had a good many grievances and was not averse to dilating upon some of them. She did not say that she had been made miserable by her husband's numerous and more or less platonic friendships

with other women; but she confessed that his idleness and improvidence had embittered her life. "And," sighed Marcia, "the whole burden of manipulating the budget has fallen upon me. It hasn't been an easy task, I can assure you. Some men—Cecil is one of them—can't live without small daily luxuries which cost a great deal of money, and I don't think I myself am a particularly good hand at saving. We haven't been specially extravagant; but somehow or other we have always exceeded our income, and then we have made some unfortunate speculations, and altogether we haven't prospered. I want Cecil to stay in England now, if he will; it is a great mistake to let oneself drop out of sight and out of memory."

Lady Wetherby hardly knew what to suggest by way of consolation for a state of affairs which certainly did not sound promising. "Why didn't you bring your little daughter with you?" she asked. "I want so much to see her. Is she like you?"

"No," answered Marcia, smiling. "Flossie is more like her father than me. She is very pretty and a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should have done without her. And yet—she isn't what my dear Willie used to be to me. I suppose it isn't possible that anybody could ever fill his place."

"And haven't you seen him all this time?" Lady Wetherby inquired wonderingly.

Marcia shook her head. "I haven't seen him and I haven't heard from him; most likely he has forgotten me. Every now and then I have had news of him in a roundabout way through friends; I know that he is in the army now, and that he is well and happy; that ought to satisfy me, perhaps. But it doesn't."

"Of course it doesn't!" exclaimed Lady Wetherby warmly; "how could it? I never could understand your consenting to part with him, Marcia; but at any rate the reason that you gave me can't hold good now that he is a grown-up man. Sir George Brett must have forgiven you long ago."

"Well, I don't know; if he has, he has never said so. But Willie is of age, and I dare say that to some extent he can please himself, and I presume that he doesn't give a strict account of all his actions to his uncle. In fact, the truth is that his regiment is quartered at Plymouth now, and that I have written to beg him to come over here and see me. Now you understand why I persuaded Cecil against

his will to take a villa at Torquay for the summer."

Lady Wetherby laughed good-humoredly.

"Well," she answered, "I did flatter myself that my being here was the sole inducement; but I am very glad indeed that it wasn't, and I hope you will soon have the joy of seeing your son again and finding him all that you could wish him to be."

"I hope so," said Marcia in a somewhat despondent tone. "It will be a joy to see him whatever he may be; but one thing is certain—he won't be the Willie whom I lost. Did you ever go back to a place where you had once been very happy? If you have, you must have regretted your folly in having robbed yourself of a host of pleasant memories. I am not at all sure that I am wise in trying to bring about this meeting."

To Lady Wetherby, who was a good, motherly, unimaginative sort of woman, the selfishness implied in such a point of view was barely comprehensible. She herself loved her children because they were her children and because it was natural to do so; it would never have occurred to her to wonder whether she had loved them better at this or at that period of their lives, or to regard them as ministering more or less to her personal gratification. She was about to express something of the bewilderment which her friend's words occasioned her when she was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, slim girl who stepped through the open window from the garden.

This was Lady Evelyn Foljambe, a young lady, who, without being beautiful, or even remarkably pretty, had nevertheless been more admired than many of her contemporaries who had a fair title to be considered one or the other. Her success may have been in some measure due to the redness of her lips, the whiteness of her teeth, and a dimple which she had in her left cheek; the upper part of her head, too, was well shaped, her greyish-blue eyes did not lack expression, and her hair, of a bronze tinge, grew prettily. But it is more probable that the charm which young men discovered in her had very little to do with her outward appearance. She glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then, in an interrogative way, at her mother, who said, —

"Evelyn, dear, you remember Mrs. Archdale, who was so kind to you when you were recovering from the scarlet fever?"

"Quite well," answered Evelyn, smiling and extending her hand. "For a long time after that I used to ask periodically what had become of Mrs. Archdale, but as nobody could tell me, I gave up asking at last in despair."

She sat down beside Marcia and was very talkative and pleasant. Perhaps a shade too completely at her ease to give satisfaction to a woman of twice her age. Whether for that reason, or for some other which it would have been difficult to specify, Marcia did not take to her, and it soon appeared that she, on her side, had not taken to Marcia; for no sooner had the latter departed, than she wrinkled up her nose in an expressive manner at her mother, without speaking.

"My dear," protested Lady Wetherby, who understood what this meant, "Marcia Archdale is one of my oldest and best friends."

"Yes, mother; but she isn't one of mine," returned this impertinent young woman; "so I can form a perfectly impartial opinion of her. I won't distress you by announcing it, though. Is she going to stay here long?"

"For the rest of the summer, I should think," answered Lady Wetherby. "From what she told me, I imagine that it is an object with them to live economically; and then she wishes to be near her son, who is quartered at Plymouth with his regiment, and whom she hasn't seen since he was a little boy. I must have told you her story, poor thing!—how she had to give the boy up to his uncle, Sir George Brett, and how she was forbidden to meet him."

Lady Evelyn nodded. "And now the boy has turned into a man and a soldier, and I suppose he will come over here to renew acquaintance with his mother. That may be rather interesting. If he is at all nice he will help to relieve the monotony of this out-of-the-way place a little."

"One can't call a place that is within six hours of London out-of-the-way," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who had never been able to imbue her daughter with any liking for Torquay as a residence.

"That depends," rejoined Lady Evelyn. "Six hours north of London is in the way. If one lived in the Midlands, or even at Wetherby, one's friends would perch with one for a night or two on their flight to or from Scotland; but as nobody goes to the Land's End, nobody ever comes here."

"Yachting people do," Lady Wetherby observed. "Mr. Mortimer, for instance, said he would make a point of putting into Torbay in the autumn."

"Well, of course that is a great treat to look forward to; but in the mean time it wouldn't be disagreeable to have a chance of exchanging ideas with some other fellow mortal. So, as I said before, I trust Mrs. Archdale's son may turn out to be nicer than Mrs. Archdale."

"He was a very nice boy," remarked Lady Wetherby musingly. "Poor little fellow! I meant to keep an eye upon him, and have him to stay with us in the holidays sometimes, and try to be kind to him; but I lost sight of him somehow or other—as one does."

"We will make up for lost time by being kind to him now, if he seems to deserve it," Lady Evelyn declared. "Was he good-looking when he was a boy?"

But it now occurred to Lady Wetherby that enough had been said about this unimportant young gentleman; so she answered rather shortly: "Oh, no; quite ordinary. If anything, I should say that he promised to grow up a plain man. Besides, it is not likely that we shall see much of him if he does come here."

CHAPTER XXX.

WILLIE AS A MAN.

LADY WETHERBY'S recollection of Willie Brett may have been, and probably was, rather indistinct. It has already been said that he was not a particularly handsome boy; yet if, on the day following that of her mention of him to her daughter she could have been transported to the Plymouth barracks, and could have seen a certain young officer, as he reclined in a camp-chair, clad in the becoming undress uniform of the British line, she would doubtless have admitted that he was not a plain man, though she might have held to her opinion that he was ordinary. For indeed there is nothing extraordinary in broad shoulders, or in a spare, well-knit, sinewy frame, or even in one of those waxy complexions which go with black hair and eyes and of which the pallor is in no way inconsistent with perfect health. Yet these things, taken in conjunction with a kindly expression of countenance and with that general air of being a gentleman which cannot be defined in words, make up a whole quite pleasing enough to meet the requirements of any member of the male sex; nor in truth would the young officer in question have

lacked sincere admirers among the young ladies of Plymouth if his tastes had inclined him towards flirtation.

But he was not at all given that way, being modest and a trifle bashful in the society of women, of whose general qualities he entertained, for some reason or other, no exalted opinion. Life for him meant, in the way of work, soldiering, and in the way of relaxation, hunting and reading. At all of these pursuits he was, if not first-rate, decidedly above mediocrity; he found them sufficient to occupy his time and keep him out of mischief, and he did not care to seek the attractions which most garrison towns have to offer.

Now, however, he was for once looking a little troubled. He had been reading a letter which lay open upon his knees and of which the contents had been such as to cause him some anxious thoughts. It was only natural that he should have learnt to regard his mother, who for twelve years had never communicated with him either by pen or by word of mouth, as virtually dead. He had not forgotten her, nor had his affection for the mother whom he had known diminished; but he had long before this taken it for granted that she must have forgotten him, and he had given up all idea of attempting to recall himself to her remembrance. His uncle and aunt had spoken of her before him every now and again. They had heard that she and her good-for-nothing artist were living far beyond their means in Venice. They had heard (although this did not happen to be true) that she treated her second husband with as much indifference as she had treated her first, and rumors which were not altogether without foundation had reached them to the effect that Mr. Archdale was a good deal less exemplary in a marital capacity than poor Eustace Brett had been. All these things they had judged it wise to mention in the young fellow's presence, so that he might see how much he had to be thankful for and from what a deplorable fate he had been saved. They did not produce precisely that effect upon him; but some effect they did produce, for they made him less anxious to renew acquaintance with Mrs. Archdale and more disposed to think of her only as what she had been when she had borne his own name. On his coming of age Sir George had thought fit to give him a word of warning.

"You are now practically your own master, Willie," he had said. "You are no longer a boy, and as you have a man's

responsibilities you may claim a man's liberty. Nevertheless, I am entitled to tell you what my wishes are upon certain points, and one of these is that you should keep yourself entirely clear of the Archdales. They have become disreputable; they have become impecunious, and it is not difficult to foresee that some day or other they will apply to you for pecuniary assistance. When that event takes place I shall expect you to inform me of it, that's all. In my view your mother has no sort of claim upon you; but that may not be your view, and I have good reason to know that you cling to your views with considerable obstinacy. I don't forbid you to meet her when she asks you to do so, as she undoubtedly will; I only request that there may be nothing clandestine about the meeting, and that you will bear in mind my wish that you should see as little of her and her husband as possible."

Willie had made the required promise without hesitation. It had never been his custom to do anything after a clandestine fashion, nor had he ever given any undertaking that he would refuse to meet his mother should she express a desire for him to do so. It was therefore no fear of arousing his uncle's displeasure that drew horizontal wrinkles upon his smooth forehead when Marcia's unexpected summons reached him. What troubled him was an emotion somewhat akin to that which his mother had expressed to Lady Wetherby and which had so puzzled that excellent woman. He wanted to preserve, if he could, certain memories of his childhood which were dear to him; he did not much want to be embraced by a stranger, the sight of whom must necessarily cause those memories to become indistinct, and he could not help feeling that the proposed interview would probably bring about disappointment for both parties to it. For, after all, there was no getting over the fact that his mother had left him to his own devices during twelve long years, and perhaps the somewhat exaggerated language of affection which Marcia had employed in her letter served rather to increase than to diminish his sense of distance from her. It was not easy to believe in the sincerity of such language. He would have preferred a more frank recognition of the truth, an honest admission that she had chosen to devote her life to her husband rather than to her son, but that she now felt eager — as she very naturally might — to see with her own eyes what sort of a man the latter had grown

up into and to hear with her own ears that he had not lost all recollection of bygone happy days. To an appeal of that nature he could have responded with all his heart; but he did not feel quite equal to meeting the demand made upon him for a renewal of the old tie upon the old terms. He had, in short, the habit of looking things in the face, and when he was asked to ignore the obvious — a request with which most women and not a few men can comply readily enough — he had no answer to make, except that it was out of his power to do so.

It was, however, within his power to obtain a few days' leave from his colonel, and evidently that was the only course open to him. As soon as he had made sure of being able to visit Torquay, he answered his mother's letter, telling her when she might expect him. His composition, which had necessitated the tearing up of several sheets of paper, did not satisfy him, for he perceived that, in spite of all his efforts, it had a cold and slightly distrustful ring; but he was too poor a hand at self-deception to be capable of deceiving others, so he had to let it go, such as it was. Perhaps, he thought, she might understand what his feelings were, and might make excuses for him which it was out of the question that he should put forward on his own account.

The letter which he despatched by the same post to Sir George Brett did not give him nearly so much trouble. In this he merely mentioned that his mother had begged him to go over to Torquay, where she was staying, and that he intended to spend a day or two with her shortly. "I don't think she will ask me for a loan," he added, smiling as he wrote down the words — for his uncle's firm conviction that what everybody chiefly desired in this world was to get hold of money had always seemed to him a little comical — "but I dare say she will ask me to go and see her again, unless Mr. Archdale objects, and I suppose you will not mind very much if I do."

Now, it was by no means unlikely that Sir George would mind a good deal; but his nephew, who was fully aware of this probability, was not in the least disturbed by it. Willie Brett had not only managed to preserve his independence, but had successfully asserted it more than once. He could not but acknowledge that he owed a great deal to his uncle, only he did not consider, and never had considered, that he owed him implicit obedience in all things.

So it was not at all of the prejudices and animosities of Sir George that he was thinking as, a few days after this, he sat pensively in the fly which was taking him from the Torquay station to his mother's temporary abode. What made him feel nervous and anxious was uncertainty as to how much would be expected of him in the meeting which was at hand, and fear lest he should fall short of reasonable expectation. He could not yet tell whether or not he was going to see once more the same mother whom he had once loved so dearly; but he suspected that all these years must have altered her greatly, and he knew that they had altered him, and he was painfully conscious of his inability to conceal his impressions.

Happily, however, it so fell out that he was not called upon to feign anything that he did not feel; for no sooner had he reached his destination than the front door was flung open and a lady rushed out to meet him who gave him no time to notice her grey hairs or the lines upon her cheeks. He felt her warm kisses upon his own and the trembling pressure of her arms round his neck, and it was the old familiar voice, broken by sobs, that whispered in his ear, "Oh, my own dear boy, how glad — how glad I am!"

Well, after that, there was no difficulty as to demeanor nor any need for pretence. The young fellow's heart — which, indeed, was a soft one — was deeply stirred; he forgot all his doubts and grievances, and when she had led him into the drawing-room, and had made him sit down upon a sofa beside her, he was able to say with perfect truth that she could not be more glad to look upon his face again than he was to look upon hers. And if closer inspection gave him something of a shock (for of course twelve more or less troublesome years must needs leave ineffaceable traces upon the countenance of a woman who has left the prime of life far behind her), yet her voice and her quick, impulsive manner remained what they had been, and he laughed when she held him at arm's length, just as she had been wont to do of old, scrutinizing him from head to foot with fond, proud eyes.

"I'm not much to look at, am I?" said he.

"Not much? — that depends upon what you call much. There must be two yards of you at the very least. I always knew you would be a tall man. And I'm sure I don't know whether you are good-looking or not; but I know that if I were a girl, instead of being your mother, I should

fall over head and ears in love with you at once. Do they generally fall in love with you? But of course they do."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," answered Willie, laughing and blushing a little. "At least, if they do they have kept it very dark so far. I don't go much into ladies' society; there are plenty of other fellows in the regiment who go in for that sort of thing, and do it better than I should."

"Yes, I dare say; I can quite imagine them. Appalling beings with waxed moustaches and loud clothes who are mistaken for men of fashion by garrison belles. What made you join a line regiment, Willie? I should have thought you would have gone into the Guards, or at least into the cavalry."

"So Uncle George said," remarked the young man, smiling good-humoredly; "he seemed to think that the Royal Devonshire Rifles wasn't nearly good enough for the nephew of a banker, though most people would tell you that it isn't a bad regiment. At all events, I can live quite comfortably upon my income in it, and I doubt whether I could have done that in the Guards or the cavalry."

"But he makes you some allowance over and above what you have of your own, I presume," said Marcia.

"No; he offered to do so, and I am sure he would have been very glad if I had accepted his offer; but I didn't see my way to it. It is best to be your own master if you can, I think, particularly when you have insisted upon taking your own way. Uncle George was dead against my being a soldier at all; he wanted me to go into the bank. But I couldn't do that; so, after a great many rows and discussions, he gave way."

"Stupid old man!" exclaimed Marcia. "As if he hadn't grubbed up money enough to keep you and all your children and grandchildren in luxury! He is just the same as ever, I suppose?"

"I don't think he has changed very much," answered Willie. "He has grown older, of course, and he has attacks of gout pretty often. Aunt Caroline is quite an invalid now."

"That can't be called a change, for she never was anything else, by her own account. I dare say she will live to be a hundred, all the same. I needn't ask whether she is still the consummate hypocrite that she used to be."

This not being a question, Willie made no reply. His aunt was certainly rather hypocritical, but there had been no hypoc-

risy about her kindness to him, and he did not feel inclined to dwell upon her failings. To effect a change of subject, he presently began to relate his not very eventful experiences as an officer in the British army, and was somewhat surprised to find how little interest his mother displayed in them.

"Ah, well," she interrupted him by saying, "the past is over and done with, and it isn't always pleasant to think of it. The best way is to make the most of the present, which still belongs to us."

Nevertheless, she could not resist narrating some of her sorrows to him, and hinting at some of her disillusiones. Willie had not very much to say in reply; but he looked as sympathetic as he could, and put in a murmur of commiseration here and there, so that she was not dissatisfied with him. About Mr. Archdale it was not possible for him to speak much, for he well remembered how he had disliked the man, and he could not say anything which might sound like "I told you so." But he was able, with unaffected interest, to make inquiries as to his little half-sister, whom Marcia presently summoned by ringing the bell.

"Flossie is a dear child and very pretty," said she. "She isn't a bit like you, though."

In truth Marcia had never felt half the love for her daughter that she had felt for her first-born, and had never made a friend and companion of her, as she had made of him. After the necessary delay required for the donning of her best frock and sash, Flossie appeared—a demure little golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who certainly bore no outward resemblance to Willie. However, she was very soon upon the best of terms with the latter; for he belonged to that species of human beings in whom children and dogs place immediate confidence, and her presence relieved a certain embarrassment and restraint of which both he and his mother were beginning to be conscious. Willie had taken the child upon his knee, and was listening gravely to a description of her dolls and their respective characteristics, when Archdale came in.

"Well, Brett," said that gentleman, holding out his hand, with a smile which was doubtless meant to be amiable, but which was somehow a little offensive to his step-son, "so you have found us out at last. Very glad to see you again. If I remember rightly, we weren't exactly friends in old days; but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends now. The

times have changed and we have changed with them, in accordance with the Latin grammar and the immutable laws which govern the world."

Willie said something civil, and thought to himself that if Mr. Archdale had changed with the times he had not changed for the better. But then, to be sure, a gentleman, like a poet, is born, not made, and the bad taste of his step-father's speech was probably the result of a law of nature quite as immutable as any other. At all events, he had no more reason or wish to quarrel with the man than to become his friend. They would be able to tolerate one another for a few days, which was all that would be required of either of them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY EVELYN.

LIBERTY, as all English-speaking people are convinced, is an invaluable boon, and no doubt the possession thereof, whether politically or socially, does give room for the expansion of individual as well as national character, and is, upon the whole, favorable to the growth of virtues rather than of vices. At the same time, a little discipline is no bad thing, as a corrective and a reminder that freedom does not mean the right to be a nuisance to your neighbors. The boys of the rising generation probably get as much of it, or nearly as much, as is required at school; but it seems open to question whether the girls of the rising generation get quite enough of it at home. Lady Evelyn Foljambe, for example, had been indulged to an extent which was perhaps scarcely prudent, and which so sensible a woman as her mother would never have dreamt of permitting in the early years of the present century. But Lady Wetherby belonged, like the rest of us, to her period, and thought, as other sensible people appear to think, that education is a process which can be successfully carried through without recourse to restraints or punishments. "You cannot," the fathers and mothers of the present day say in effect, "coerce anybody into being wise or honest or sober or pious; what you can do for your children is to set them an example of decent behavior, and to let them see, as far as may be possible, what is gained by self-denial and loss of self-seeking. When all is said and done, the choice must rest with them." It is pretty enough as a theory, but in practice it is very much like asking an unfledged bird to fly.

Evelyn Foljambe, who might now be considered full-fledged, since she had been presented and had passed through more than one London season, was not a very bad specimen of the modern young lady. She was very independent, rather self-willed, and somewhat too self-confident; she knew more than one would wish—if one had any choice in the matter—that one's daughter should know; but perhaps she did not know a great deal more than the general run of her contemporaries, and as she had inherited a refined temperament, as well as some noble and generous qualities, the chances seemed to be that she would get into no serious mischief. Meanwhile, she had the reputation of being a flirt—which reputation, it must be confessed, she had done something to earn. For the rest, she was very fond of her mother, for whose convenience she often cheerfully sacrificed her own; otherwise she assuredly would not have spent, on an average, six months out of a year in a Torquay villa.

One sunny morning she had slung her hammock in a shady part of the garden belonging to that villa and was reclining therein, with her hands clasped behind her head. She had brought out a novel with her; but it had dropped out of her hand on to the grass, and it was not interesting enough to be worth the trouble of picking up again. Her own thoughts, to be sure, were not very interesting either; but such as they were, they were a little more so than the author's, so she gave them a free rein. As she lay there, gazing up through the sunlit foliage at the blue sky overhead, she was wondering how in the world she would manage to get through the summer without being bored to extinction, and amusing herself by imagining all sorts of exciting events which might conceivably happen, but were not in the least likely to happen. The first event of any importance that could be counted upon with certainty was the arrival in the autumn of Mr. Mortimer's yacht and its owner; and that could hardly be called an exciting incident, for as she had spent some time on board the yacht, and had danced repeatedly with its owner in London, neither of them possessed the attraction of novelty. Not that she had a word to say against the vessel or against Mr. Mortimer, for the matter of that. She liked the latter a good deal better than she liked most of her partners; she was perfectly aware—although she was not supposed to be aware—that her mother and all her relations wished her to marry

him, and since he was rich, well-connected, and well-conducted, there was nothing surprising or unreasonable in their wish. She thought it quite on the cards that she might accept him when he proposed to her, as he unquestionably would do before long; but she had not made up her mind, nor was she in any hurry to make it up.

And indeed the thought of this suitor was not one upon which she cared to linger for more than a few moments. She had forgotten all about him and was once more enjoying the pleasures of imaginative speculation when she was recalled to actualities by the sound of her mother's voice hard by.

"You will cut off a long piece of road by going down through the garden," Lady Wetherby was saying to some unseen person or persons. "You can't mistake your way, and you will find the little gate unlocked. Good-bye."

"Oh, bother!" ejaculated Evelyn under her breath; "what business have people to call this hour of the day? The chances are that they will see me, and full well I know that if they do see me they will pull up and hail me without the slightest compunction. The only thing to be done is to feign slumber. Unscrupulous as they are, I should think they would draw the line at shaking a person until she wakes."

She accordingly closed her eyes and became to all appearances unconscious of everything about her. But if her eyes were shut her ears were open, and the approaching tramp of a man's foot-fall upon the gravel path caused her to prick them up. The visitor, it seemed, was of the masculine gender and singular number. Furthermore, he was in the wrong case; because he had turned to the left instead of to the right, and the path which he had chosen would take him to Lady Evelyn's elbow, but not much farther. Under the circumstances, it was a question whether one ought not to conquer one's somnolence so far as to become aware of the strayed explorer and give him some friendly information as to his bearings — always supposing, of course, that inspection should prove him to be a fit object for benevolence. It was but a cursory inspection that Evelyn could make of him through her eyelashes when he came alongside and stopped short, as she had been sure that he would do, on perceiving the sleeping beauty in the hammock; but that brief glimpse must have been satisfactory, for she at once sat up and looked smilingly at the stranger.

He took off his hat and said, "I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," answered Lady Evelyn politely. "Are you trying to find your way out?"

The tall, dark-haired young man whom she addressed replied that he was. "I am not a trespasser," he thought it right to explain; "I came with a message from my mother, Mrs. Archdale, and Lady Wetherby told me that I could get out by a gate at the bottom of the garden."

"Quite right," answered the young lady; "only this path doesn't lead to it, or anywhere else, except to the heap where the gardeners throw cabbage-stalks and things which they are too lazy to burn. I'll go with you and show you where you ought to have kept straight on, instead of turning off at right angles," she added, with a deft movement which brought her feet to the ground.

"Oh, thank you, but I won't give you so much trouble," returned the unknown youth, who was much too modest to be embarrassed or to suspect that a great compliment was being paid to him.

"It isn't any trouble," Lady Evelyn kindly assured him. And as soon as she had quite disengaged herself from her hammock and had moved a few paces from it, she said, "if Mrs. Archdale is your mother, you must be Mr. Brett. We have met before, although I suppose you have forgotten it."

Willie showed his white teeth and answered, "No, I haven't forgotten it; but it was a very long time ago. I was a small boy in those days."

"Yes; and I was a still smaller girl. You were a friend of my brother's then, I think. Have you kept up your friendship with him?"

She knew very well that he had not; but she liked the look of him and wanted to make him talk to her, which he, for his part, was not in the least unwilling to do. He explained at some length and with a simplicity which confirmed her favorable impression of him, that he had not seen much of her brother at Eton, and nothing at all since he had left.

"Wetherby went to Oxford, I believe," he said, "and I didn't. I'm in the army now."

Lady Evelyn's previous acquaintance with young men had led her to the conclusion that nine out of ten of them are ludicrously vain, silly, and self-conscious. As far as a middle-aged man is capable of judging, she was wrong; but it is certain that many persons of her sex, standing,

and experience would pronounce her right, and it has to be remembered that they have opportunities of forming an opinion upon the subject which are denied to us. However that may be, she was greatly pleased with Willie Brett, who seemed to her, and probably was, quite unlike the average adolescent Briton. In a very few minutes she found out more about his tastes and views than his mother knew; she graciously imparted to him some of her own, and showed herself so amiably disposed towards him that he did not hesitate to say, —

"I hope you will join a little expedition of ours to Anstey's Cove this afternoon. My mother sent me to ask whether you would come, and Lady Wetherby has consented for herself, but wouldn't answer for you. Mr. Archdale has gone out there to make a sketch, and we are to follow him, and have tea on the beach. It doesn't sound a particularly attractive programme; still, if you had nothing better to do —"

"I certainly haven't anything better to do," replied Lady Evelyn, "and I should like very much to join the tea-party, thank you. We shall drive, I suppose?"

Willie answered that Lady Wetherby had kindly offered to take him and his mother in her carriage, and that he presumed that the offer would be accepted. "Flossie — my small half-sister, you know — can go in a fly with the kettle and the provisions," he added.

A few hours later this arrangement was carried into effect. Anstey's Cove, a more or less secluded bathing-resort with which summer visitors to Torquay are well acquainted, has always captivated the artistic eye by reason of the coloring of the rocks and cliffs which surround it, as well as the sweep of coast-line which stretches away from its shores towards Portland Bill in the far distance, and although Mr. Archdale was not a landscape painter, he sometimes, when he was in the mood, painted landscapes. Being in the mood for it that day, he had transported his easel, his luncheon-basket, and the rest of his paraphernalia thither after breakfast, and by the time that his wife and her friends arrived upon the scene of his labors he had achieved results which he hoped would ultimately place a comfortable sum of money in his pocket. It was as conducting towards that end that he had learnt to value the talent that he possessed, and when Lady Wetherby, after having expressed the pleasure that it gave her to renew acquaintance with

him, scrutinized his work and praised it, he answered laughingly, —

"Oh, it isn't worth much. One or two men have taken up this line and have got the monopoly of the market. I am not considered to be an adept at depicting nature, so I shan't be very well paid, whether I deserve it or not."

"But the great thing," observed Lady Wetherby, "is to deserve it."

"Oh, no," returned the artist, shaking his head gravely, "the great thing is to get the pay, and the next best thing is to be able to do without it. Unfortunately for me, I am not in either of those enviable positions."

He was in a good humor that afternoon (his good humor was no longer as continuous as it had been in former years); he left his work to assist Lady Wetherby's rather inefficient footman in making up a fire and boiling the kettle; he evidently wished to be pleasant, and doubtless he would have succeeded in being so if the three people for whose benefit he was exerting himself had not been hopelessly prejudiced against him. Willie and Lady Wetherby could, if they had chosen, have given good reasons for their prejudice; but Evelyn, who knew nothing about the man except that he was Mrs. Archdale's husband, could have specified none. However, it was not, in her opinion, necessary to specify reasons for liking or disliking anybody. This stout, elderly artist, who assumed some of the airs and graces of a youth in addressing her, struck her as a contemptible sort of personage, and she took but little trouble to conceal what she thought of him. On the other hand, she decidedly liked and felt interested in Willie; so, as soon as the tea and cakes had been almost disposed of, she asked him whether there were any fish to be caught thereabouts.

Willie replied that he really didn't know, but that he should imagine so.

"Well, then, couldn't you get a boat and some lines from that old fisherman who has been hovering round us for the last quarter of an hour? We might go out and try our luck while Mr. Archdale finishes his picture, and our respective mothers talk about whatever it is that mothers always talk about and seem to find such an inexhaustible subject."

The proposition was referred to Lady Wetherby and Marcia, neither of whom had anything to urge against it. A shady spot was discovered where they could sit and rest their backs upon an overhanging rock; Archdale returned to his easel;

Flossie obtained permission to take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the pools; and, everybody else's tastes having thus been thoughtfully provided for, Lady Evelyn and Willie were free to consult their own. One of them, as has already been mentioned, had no great experience of or fancy for such interviews as that which now seemed to be before him; yet he was not so abnormal a young man as to dislike the idea of it, nor was he altogether unconscious of the compliment that Lady Evelyn had paid him in suggesting it.

Now, when the boat had been pushed off and the lines dropped over the side, it appeared that she did not, after all, care very much for the pastime upon which she was ostensibly engaged. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she said, in answer to her companion's remark that the weather was not very propitious for their purpose; "sea-fishing is poor sport at the best of times. Are you fond of sport?"

"I am fond of hunting," replied Willie.

"So am I; but I never have any except when we are at Wetherby. We generally stay here through half the winter, and of course it isn't worth while to go out for the sake of such hunting as one can get in these parts. Torquay is a slow enough place for a woman, but what it must be for a man I tremble to think of. How will you manage to endure existence here?"

"Oh, I think I could endure it pretty well, if I were obliged," answered Willie, smiling; "it is a very pretty place, and I am not particularly exacting. However, I shan't have time to get tired of it, for I shall have to return to duty the day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" ejaculated the girl—and he could not but notice and be gratified by the evident disappointment with which she received this news—"I thought you were away from your regiment on leave. But you will come back again perhaps?"

"Well, I don't quite know. I shall get long leave in the autumn, but whether I shall spend part of it here or not will have to depend upon other people. My real home is with my uncle, and I expect he will want me to be at Blaydon, where he lives, when the pheasant-shooting begins. Besides, I am not sure that my mother and Mr. Archdale will ask me to pay them a second visit."

As the result of some rumination over the above speech, Lady Evelyn observed, "It must be horrid to have a step-father. Don't you hate him?"

"I don't know much about him," answered Willie; "I haven't seen him since

I was a boy. It would be rather unfair to hate him for being my step-father, though, wouldn't it?"

"I dare say it would; but I should hate him for that reason, all the same. Added to which, I am quite inclined to believe that I should hate him for his own sake. And I can see by the way you look at him that you do."

Willie laughed—he had a low, boyish kind of laugh which the least experienced of human beings could recognize as that of an honest fellow. "I am sorry if I looked murderous at him," said he. "I have no right to hate him that I know of; but I wasn't very fond of him in old days, and I suppose he isn't quite the sort of man whom I ever should choose to make a friend of."

"At all events, I wouldn't allow him to stand between me and my mother if I were you," Lady Evelyn declared.

She may have made this statement spontaneously and because it was truth, or she may—for her wits were sharp—have divined what the young man's feelings were and what was the shortest road to an intimacy with him. Either way, she had no difficulty in breaking down that barrier of reticence behind which many people accused him of entrenching himself, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had confessed to her what he had never confessed to anybody else; namely, that the loss of his mother's love and companionship had been almost a heavier sorrow to him than her death would have been.

"Of course it was all right," he hastened to add. "People are entitled to marry again if they choose, and as she had fallen out with my uncle, it wasn't her fault that she had to drop me. Still, it seemed a little hard."

Lady Evelyn was of opinion that it had been very hard indeed; she also thought that only a heartless and selfish woman could have acted as Marcia had done. But she knew better than to say what she thought. "I dare say it has been quite as hard for your mother as it has been for you," was the only comment upon which she ventured, and the young man thought it a very kind and sympathetic one.

But it was not only in order to utter or listen to kindly and sympathetic speeches that they had put out to sea; and of this they were reminded when Evelyn's line, which she had been holding loosely between her fingers all this time, was suddenly twitched from her grasp.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I do believe I have caught a fish!"

She had undoubtedly hooked a fish; whether she would have caught him if Willie had not promptly seized her line is another question. However, that kind of angling can scarcely be included among the fine arts, and, after some moments of anxiety, the line was restored to her, in order that she might have the pride and satisfaction of hauling a huge conger-eel into the boat. Now, when you are in a small open boat in company with a conger-eel of fine proportions, nothing is of such urgent necessity as to kill him before he bites one of your fingers off. As he is not quite the easiest animal in the world for a novice to kill, Willie had his work cut out for him during the next few seconds, and consequently did not notice a look of annoyance and consternation which had come over his companion's face. Not until the deed was done, and he was offering her his congratulations, did he perceive that something was amiss.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did the line cut your fingers?"

"Oh, no," answered Evelyn; "only, in pulling it in, one of my bracelets slipped over my hand, and has gone down to the bottom of the sea. It is tiresome; but it can't be helped."

"I am so sorry!" said Willie. "Is it a bracelet that you care very much about?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose it. However, we can't possibly get it back again, so there's no use in crying about it. I must console myself with that repulsive-looking monster that I have secured in its place. Can we eat him?"

"I doubt whether you would like him," answered Willie, "although I believe that he is considered eatable. But perhaps I may be able to get your bracelet back for you to-morrow. Anyhow, I'll try. We know the exact spot, you see."

"Do we?" asked Lady Evelyn rather absently.

It was evident that the loss of this trinket had distressed her more than she cared to show, and it was also evident that she placed no sort of confidence in Willie's ability to recover it. Both of these circumstances may have made him all the more determined to succeed in a somewhat doubtful enterprise; but he allowed the subject to drop for the time being, and, as Lady Wetherby was now seen to be signalling with her pocket-handkerchief from the shore, his conversational powers were not taxed much farther. He had the pleasure of driving home in a fly with his step-father, Marcia having suddenly

and at the last moment stated her intention of keeping Flossie with her.

Archdale, leaning back in the jingling conveyance and puffing at his cigar, contemplated his silent neighbor with a smile of amusement. "Really it's no fault of mine, my dear fellow," said he. "Of course you would like to be in the carriage with the ladies, and I'm sure nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you there; but I presume that, for some reason best known to themselves, they don't want you. They don't always want us, you know; but be consoled—they generally do. And, after a good many years' experience of them and their ways, I am beginning to think that it would be a happy and fortunate thing for us if they didn't."

Mr. Archdale was fond of enlarging upon that theme. He had always been a child of Nature, and he had now reached a time of life at which it appears to be one of Nature's laws that a man should derive satisfaction from futile moralizings. He went on talking, and said some cynical things as well as some which were perhaps true and a few which were almost witty. He amused himself and did no harm to his companion, who was not listening to him. What Willie was thinking was that that bracelet must have been given to Lady Evelyn by somebody to whom she was fondly attached. Possibly by her mother, or even by her brother. He had gathered from what she had told him that she was not engaged to be married; so that assuredly no man who was not related to her would have had the impertinence to present her with a bracelet. In any case, he must fish it up from the depths of the sea for her, and this he was fully determined to do. In that way he might count at the least upon pleasing her, and perhaps also upon earning her gratitude.

"I suppose, if one wants to bathe before breakfast, one can always get hold of some fellow who will take one out in a boat," he said, quite irrelevantly, during one of the pauses which broke his step-father's leisurely discourse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

IN days gone by fashionable young ladies who were wont to dance all night seldom showed themselves to an expectant world before noonday; but the present generation, as anybody may perceive by taking a stroll into Hyde Park after

breakfast, has other habits. Some people affirm that this is because their consciences will not allow them to rest; but the theory sounds far-fetched; it is more likely that their supply of vitality is greater than that of their mothers used to be, because they have been born of a race of comparatively abstemious parents. Be that as it may, Evelyn Foljambe was an early riser, and on the day following that of the expedition to Anstey's Cove which has been described, she was out in the garden by ten o'clock in the morning.

Now, although she was a fashionable young lady, she was also impressionable (which most of them, as far as one can discover, are not); so it was natural enough that her maiden meditations should centre round the rather grave and reserved youth who had taken her out fishing and had as good as promised to restore her lost bracelet to her. It had been Willie's good fortune to interest her. She thought he had expressive eyes — and indeed she was not wrong there — she thought that his face, as well as his conversation, exhibited a strange mixture of cheerfulness and melancholy; she thought, in short, that he would repay cultivation; and there is nothing extravagant in the supposition that that was why she sauntered down as far as the garden gate and stood with her elbows resting upon it until the figure of a tall young man, clad in flannels, was discovered approaching along the road.

She was not surprised to see him; but apparently he was surprised to see her, for he started when he recognized her, and a slight flush showed itself on his cheeks as he took off his cap, saying, —

"I was on my way to your house. I found your bracelet all right, and I hope it isn't any the worse for having spent the night under water."

It did not seem to be any the worse when he produced it from his pocket. It was one of those hoops known as *bracelets de bonheur*, and only differed from the prescribed aspect of such talismans by being formed of alternate diamonds and rubies instead of plain gold.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn gratefully. "I never expected to see it again. How in the world did you contrive to get hold of it?"

"Well, I dived until I found it. That was easily enough done, of course."

"I should have thought that nothing could be more difficult. How many times did you have to dive?"

Willie did not remember, and conse-

quently could not say; but he seemed anxious to make it understood that he would cheerfully have gone on diving all day long rather than have failed in his purpose. "I was sure that you valued the bracelet for more than its intrinsic worth," he explained.

"Were you?" said Lady Evelyn, passing the circlet over her hand and smiling at him. "I don't know that I value it so very, very much; still one doesn't like to lose presents. The person who has given you the present might ask you what had become of it, and then, if you had to tell him that you had accidentally dropped it into the sea, he might be put out. It takes so little to put some people out."

Willie Brett, at all events, was not easily put out; yet he was a little put out now by Lady Evelyn's incidental admission that the donor of her bracelet had been a man. And surely it was a very pardonable curiosity on his part that made him desirous of discovering who that man might have been.

"I suppose," said he, with a most unsuccessful assumption of indifference, "it wasn't your brother who gave you the thing, was it?"

"I will not deceive you," replied Lady Evelyn gravely; "the thing was not given to me by my brother. He doesn't often give me things. Wetherby is a very decent sort of brother, as brothers go; but he has a bad memory for dates, so that he generally ignores my birthday. If you want to know who did give it to me, I don't at all mind telling you. It was a certain Mr. Mortimer, who will be coming here shortly in his yacht, and who will be certain to fix his eyes upon my wrist the moment that he shakes hands with me."

"Oh!" said Willie; and if this announcement made him feel as though somebody had suddenly planted a dagger in his heart, the reader will probably understand the cause of his uncomfortable sensations better than he himself did.

"Yes," continued Lady Evelyn tranquilly; "I had a bet with him about something — I forget what — and I won it. Even mamma, who is very particular, admits that debts of honor must be paid; so she allowed me to accept the gift, although she said it looked rather compromising. Do you think," she inquired innocently, "that one compromises oneself by accepting gifts of that kind?"

Willie hadn't a doubt of it. However, he only said, "Oh, I can't pretend to be a judge. Perhaps, if your friend Mr. Mortimer is an old gentleman —"

"But unfortunately he isn't; he is quite a young gentleman. In fact, as he was at Eton with Wetherby, he must have been at Eton with you. Possibly you may recollect him?"

Willie nodded rather gloomily. "Quite well; he was in my tutor's house. A very good-looking fellow."

"I believe he is considered so," replied Lady Evelyn, who was probably enjoying this colloquy a great deal more than she ought to have done. "Does that make things worse? If it does, you might take the bracelet and throw it into the sea again. Rather than incur your disapproval, I would nerve myself to endure that loss."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man in a hurt voice; "I didn't mean to be impertinent."

"You weren't a bit impertinent," she returned, laughing, "and I am glad to have my bracelet back, although I shouldn't have broken my heart if I had lost it, and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble that you have taken. Will that do?"

At any rate, he could not reasonably expect her to say more. He expressed himself satisfied, and then, as she did not ask him to enter the house, he took his leave.

"We may hope to see you again in the course of the autumn, may we not?" she inquired. To which he replied that he would certainly do his best to come, if invited.

Somehow or other, he went away feeling rather dispirited. Lady Evelyn had been very kind and pleasant to him—much more so, if he had only known it, than she was in the habit of being to casual young men—but it was quite clear, he thought, that she would forget all about him the moment that his back was turned. Indeed, there was no reason in the world for her remembering him, nor perhaps any sufficient one for his desiring her to do so. He had, however, reached the point of feeling perfectly certain that he could never forget her, and of determining that he would miss no opportunity of recalling himself to her recollection. Only the thought of Mortimer discouraged and disheartened him. Mortimer was rich, handsome, and probably belonged to the social set in which Lady Wetherby mixed; whereas he himself, although rich—or at least likely to become so—was quite unknown to the fashionable world, and had no personal attractions. He was a very modest

youth, and that was the estimate that he had formed of himself. For his weal or for his woe, he had fallen in love with a girl whose rank was above his own, and everything led him to believe that she would go tranquilly on her way, without so much as noticing that she had walked over the prostrate body of a young infantry officer. Holding such convictions, he would doubtless have been wiser to abandon all idea of revisiting Torquay; but no one can be wise and in love at one and the same time. Later in the day, therefore, he asked his mother whether she would like him to spend a part of his forthcoming leave with her, and had the satisfaction of receiving an unhesitating reply in the affirmative.

"How good of you to wish it!" exclaimed Marcia gratefully (for it had not been deemed necessary to tell her anything about the loss and recovery of Lady Evelyn's bracelet). "It will be horribly dull for you, I know; but perhaps it may console you a little to remember what pleasure you will be giving to me. Won't Sir George make difficulties, though?"

"Yes, I dare say he will," answered the young man; "but I expect I shall be able to make it all right. As soon as I came of age, he admitted that I was my own master, and of course I shall put in a week or two at Blaydon."

It seemed, in fact, unlikely that Sir George Brett could find any decent excuse for giving trouble in the matter; yet before this conversation came to an end an event which that gentleman professed to foresee, and of which he certainly would not have approved, had taken place.

Marcia and her son had gone out for a walk together, and had wandered as far as one of the slopes overlooking the sea which is known as the New Cut, and has been prettily laid out with shrubs and zigzag paths and benches in sheltered spots. They had been sitting upon one of the latter for some little time before she reverted to the subject of her domestic anxieties, which, it appeared, were chiefly, though not exclusively, of a pecuniary character. That Archdale had not proved himself altogether beyond reproach as a husband Willie had already been given to understand; he now gathered that his mother's fortune had been slowly but steadily encroached upon by the demands of the establishment until it was alarmingly near extinction.

"It is useless to preach economy to Cecil," Marcia declared; "he won't understand that it is impossible to go on

living upon one's capital, and he gets impatient when I try to explain to him that we spend rather more than double our income every year. He says we have no fixed income, which of course is true enough; but if he sells a picture he always counts that as a sort of windfall and throws away the money at once upon all sorts of luxuries that we don't want. The consequence is that I can hardly pay my way from day to day. I can't imagine anything that would give me greater joy at the present moment than to hear that somebody had left me a hundred pounds."

Now, a hundred pounds is not a very large sum. At all events, a hunting man who stands over six feet in his stockings can hardly expect to find a horse that will carry him at a lower figure, and Willie, as it happened, was even now in treaty for an animal whose price was about half as much again. He thought he could do very well without that horse, and he was sure that his mother needed £150 a great deal more than he did. He therefore begged her to let him have the satisfaction of relieving her from worry in that simple and easy way.

She protested a little, but not very much or very long. After all, Willie was extremely well off for a bachelor and would some day come into a great fortune. Had their positions been reversed, she would have thought him most unkind if he had refused to let her help him, and why should she be unkind to one whom she loved so dearly? Perhaps she was an adept at self-deception; perhaps he was adroit in the methods of persuasion which he employed; or, more probably, she believed what he said because he was evidently telling the truth. In any case, she ended with the comfortable conviction that she was doing him a favor by accepting his trifling gift. He absolutely declined to call it a loan, affirming that, if it came to a debtor and creditor question, he owed her far more than that.

Possibly he did owe her more; for she had been a good and kind mother to him in his childhood, and such debts are not to be discharged by money payments. He was, at any rate, very glad that he was able to be of some service to her. He wrote out a cheque for the required amount as soon as they returned to the house and dismissed the subject from his mind forthwith.

He was, however, reminded of it in a somewhat unpleasant way about ten days later. By that time he had returned to his

regiment, and as his step-father had given him a kind and even pressing invitation to revisit Torquay in the autumn, he had written to his uncle to announce what his intentions were. Sir George Brett's answer, which arrived by return of post, was not altogether agreeable reading:—

"MY DEAR WILLIE,—

"You are aware that I am strongly opposed to your associating upon terms of intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Archdale; you are also aware of the reasons which I have for opposing you upon this point. Nevertheless, you are free to please yourself, and although it is a great disappointment to your aunt to hear that you will not be with her during the whole of your leave, she recognizes, as I do, that two old people cannot fairly ask a young fellow to devote himself solely to them. The time, however, has now come for me to speak to you seriously and decisively upon a subject which I have already mentioned to you; I mean the risk of your being eventually called upon to support your mother and her husband. Your own money you can, of course, spend in any fashion that may seem good to you; but I wish you to understand, once for all, that if you spend it, or any part of it, in loans to Mrs. Archdale, you will inherit none of mine. I have worked hard all my life, and I have no idea of allowing the fruits of my labors to be dissipated in foreign countries by a pair of spendthrifts. I can understand that it may be difficult for you to resist your mother's appeals; but you will have to resist them, and if you do not do so at once you will never do so at all. It is evident that I am not premature in conveying this warning to you; for a few days ago a cheque for £150, drawn by you in favor of Mrs. Archdale, was handed in at the bank. I desire to make no further comment upon the incident; I merely request you to take note of the fact that, should such a thing occur again, the consequence which I have indicated will inevitably follow.

"Your aunt joins me in love to you and in the hope that you will see how undesirable it is that your stay under Mr. Archdale's roof should be a protracted one.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE BRETT."

This is the sort of thing that comes of opening a banking account with one's relations. Probably Willie Brett was not the first man who has realized and regretted the inconveniences entailed thereby.

From Temple Bar.

WATTEAU—HIS LIFE AND WORK.

WE all know Watteau's pictures. There may be no work of his in our National Gallery, but in spite of that this strange artist has impressed his memory and his times on most of the European nations. Many persons are quite ignorant of his story, they even hardly know that he was called "Le Peintre des fêtes galantes," but they know these same *fêtes* from his pictures or by engravings from them. Some critics, if they belong to a certain section of high art, may talk slightly of his talent, they may criticise his coloring, his figures, they may speak scornfully of his inventive powers and of his knowledge of anatomy; but throw mud at him as they may, Watteau cannot be completely hidden by it; he lives and will live among other artists who have achieved greater results and wider fame. To wrest fame from the grudging world, a man must have something specially his own, something which he can give to his fellow-creatures that no one else can offer, and Watteau had that something, and has given it to us. He has seized better than any other artist the fleeting grace which emanates from woman in her youth and beauty. He did not give us her soul—some will deny that any of those fairy women, full of grace and graceful beauty, had souls at all; they belong, say they, to the *fêtes galantes*, they are the inhabitants of a frivolous, pleasure-loving world, or the puppets of the green-room, and pegs for fancy dresses; even his landscapes, where these coquettes trip lightly or repose in delicious idleness with their lovers' arms around them, yes, even these gardens are the result of fancy culture, of an age when landscape gardening was in its most corrupt stage, and when statues and fountains, clipped trees, and soft verdure, all had to be regulated and arranged to suit these same festive creatures, and not to increase the beauty of the world.

There is nothing of the antique remaining in Watteau's art. His modern Venus is draped, but looks infinitely less noble than her undraped prototype, nevertheless all the little folds of her silks and satins have their peculiar grace; her feet are made for lovers to worship, even though they are enclosed in tiny shoes raised on high heels; her fan is wielded by hands that are carried with real pleasure to the lips of those courtiers in powder and embroidered vests, in satin coats and silk stockings, who please her so well as she

turns her slender neck to look at them with the motion of a dove which coos softly to its mate.

At first the whole paraphernalia of Watteau speaks of love and pleasure, of dancing and music, of mandolins and guitars, of sunshine without rain, of laughter without tears, but then, suddenly we ask ourselves, "Did the painter of the *fêtes galantes*—did he give us all this out of pure love for the frivolous world and its empty pleasures, or did he see what we know was underneath it all, the ghastly death's-head, and did he hear as we do the disenchanting moan through all the ringing laughter?"

Let us turn to his life-story, and at the end of his sad, short thirty-seven years the answer seems forced upon us that this painter of *fêtes galantes* was after all a keen satirist, that he flung his airy creations on paper and panel with a lightness of hand but a heaviness of heart which makes us, as we gaze at a Watteau picture, feel our own throat tighten; we see that the shadow of the coming Revolution throws its chill already on the sunny scene—a chill which this strange, sad-hearted artist foresaw, and noting it, was not sorry to leave the world which had been able to give him so little joy in return for all the love and *fêtes* that he represented so faithfully for it.

Poor Watteau! Even when quite young you see no laughter in his face. His features are thin and nervous-looking. His eyebrows are arched, his eyes large, dark, and restless, his nose thin, his mouth sad, and there is a drawn look over all the countenance. As time goes on, all this becomes more accentuated, whilst the pictures he painted become more lively, the mad dances and love-makings and frolics more pronounced in proportion as his face becomes thinner and sadder, his eye more sunk and hollow, and nothing is left of his youth except that high white forehead over which falls the long curls of his Louis XIV. wig. He was sick to death of it all, and reading his life we experience the deepest sympathy for him, the sympathy we give to those whose laughter hides more tears than the tears of those who weep.

Watteau was the son of a Valenciennes master roof-tiler and carpenter, but the Watteaus were by no means the destitute people some have represented them to be; their name was not unknown in their own town, for Watteau *père* owned some ancient houses and had built himself a new one. On the 10th of October, 1684,

little Jean Antoine was baptized with all due ceremony, and Jean Antoine Baiche and Anne Mailton were respectively his godfather and godmother. Of course the child began to draw at once; we who have known other artistic children can well imagine him lying on the ground poring over a huge volume of "Lives of the Saints," not to study the holy records, but to draw little pictures on the broad white margin. It was time for old Watteau to give up the idea of making his son a tiler, so he placed him with a certain Gérin, an artist in the town whose drawing was good, but whose color was execrable.

Of course, too, Paris loomed on the boy artist's horizon like a new Jerusalem; already the restless spirit had begun to show itself, young though he was, and there must have been a quarrel between father and son on the subject of the exodus, for when Paris is reached (though Antoine travelled with a Flemish scene-painter who, like his companion, fancied that fortune must live in Paris) Watteau is in a penniless condition, and remains so for a long time to come.

At first he and the Flemish artist doubtless frequented the theatres, and here most likely the vision of those artificial but graceful women first struck Watteau's young imagination. This was his first glimpse of life, and, thoughtful-minded lad that he was, it must have made a profound impression upon him.

But scene-painting just then was not profitable; the Valenciennes artist returned home and left Watteau alone in that big, busy, careless city.

One willingly draws a curtain over suffering so common to all these imaginative souls that flutter round a great capital buoyed up with the hope of future success, but happily Watteau soon found employment at a manufactory—one can call it nothing else—of pictures and daubs on the Pont Notre Dame. Here was quite an *atelier* of raw youths who copied *ad nauseam* St. Nicholas or St. Somebody Else, or rather one undertook to paint the saint's head, another his hands, a third put in the high lights, and a fourth the golden aureoles. They were done by the gross for the provinces, and quantity, not quality, was required. Watteau, however, was in great request, and no wonder; he could paint St. Nicholas from top to toe without a copy, and he worked so quickly that he more than earned his fifteen francs a week, with "soup every day" into the bargain.

Imagine the suffering of an artist mind,

compelled to copy unsaintly saints or old hags consulting their ledgers; but there were moments even here of precious leisure, there were the *fête* days, and the odd idle minutes, and the nights even. What blessed moments these were for Watteau! Then he went to nature and drew and drew as he had done at Valenciennes, and in drawing from life he learnt. At last he was able to escape from bondage, and he afterwards made the remark that had he stayed longer he thought the saints would have maddened him, and now for the first time he gets a real chance of improving himself. Gillot, the artist who had given up pure art for decorative work at the opera, and restricted himself to painting scenes from the *Comédie Italienne*, recognized Watteau's talent, and the two fraternized at once. Watteau took up his abode with his new friend, but all too soon the pupil excelled the master. Was it jealousy, or was it that for two persons to agree they must possess opposite virtues? Anyhow, be this as it may, the two who had joined company with pleasure parted with joy. Lancret, the artist afterwards well known, was in this studio and left it at the same time—it is said at Watteau's instigation, believing in his friend's advice to "go and copy nature." Strange that in spite of the fancifulness of Watteau's theatre surroundings, in spite of comedies, powder, patches, and conventionalities, his one cry was always this, "Go to Nature, and follow her."

There must have been something very taking about this same Jean Antoine, for notwithstanding his restlessness, his gravity, his uncertainty of action, he found and retained devoted friends. After leaving Gillot, he was received by Andran, the keeper of the Luxembourg, and a decorator of ceilings. This new friendship was a glorious chance for Watteau. In the palace were real old masters to look at, to study, and to strive to imitate. Rubens's work especially fascinated him, and then, when saturated with art, he could step out into the pretty garden, then kept in a more natural condition than the grounds of Versailles, and here he could draw and paint from nature. Watteau wanted backgrounds for his theatre children, he wanted also landscapes *d'après* nature, he required "a marriage of nature with the opera," and here he could get it all. Rubens taught him color and the gardens taught him his landscape, such as it was; and so this must have been one of the happiest times of his life—

times which we, alas! can but too easily number for him.

Was it jealousy again that brought about the next separation? Certainly there must be two to quarrel, but the fault may be all on one side. One day Watteau showed Andran a picture he had just painted. The master recognized its merit, but fearing for his own reputation, said lightly that Watteau had better not waste his time over such puerile work. Watteau, however, was not deceived; he knew good work from bad now, and this injustice decided him to leave Andran and the Luxembourg and the Rubens which he loved. But there was always something noble in Watteau; so now, not to appear ungrateful, he invented an excuse, and said he must go home to Valenciennes.

Home, however, was not to be reached without money, so the young man took his despised picture to Sponde, an artist friend, and Sponde took it to M. Sirois, a private gentleman, who at once took a fancy to it; sixty livres was the sum asked, and the bargain was quickly concluded. The picture was found to please, and that was the first great step; so with his sixty livres in his pocket off he started for the old haunts. We can imagine his pleasure at coming back to his people and his town with a new power in his possession, or rather the old power developed and strengthened.

At Valenciennes he was not idle; here was plenty of military life to study, for this frontier town was the scene of constant coming and going of troops, and Watteau made good use of his opportunity. We shall see pictures, such as "Pillement d'un village par l'ennemy," framed on these recollections, where all the figures are alive—they have the real go of life, the true movement which comes only from close study of nature.

But very soon the siren Paris wooed him back. He also turned his eyes towards Rome, for of course all ambitious artists tried for the *prix de Rome*, and Watteau followed suit. In 1709 he obtained only the second prize, but not the journey money, and so he had to be satisfied with Paris and what it could give him. In truth he was already the child of Paris, its interpreter, its painter of *fêtes champêtres*; why go to Rome and study the severe and the classical, which good things, study as he might, he would never have acquired?

Watteau must, however, have been very conscious of his own power or he would

never have tried in such an original manner to get the ear of the Academy. The truth was, he could not get Rome out of his head, he wanted also to study the Venetian pictures, he wanted more knowledge, he longed for quicker progress, so, taking two of his pictures, those already sold, he managed to get them hung in the corridor through which the Academicians often passed. The ruse succeeded. M. de la Fosse, a celebrated artist of his time, caught sight of them, examined them, was much surprised, and made inquiries about the unknown artist. The answer was easy to give: "They were painted by a young man who wanted to get the king's prize to go to Rome." De la Fosse immediately had the young man called in, received him graciously, told him the journey to Rome was unnecessary for him, and that he had only to take the needful steps, and the Academy itself was open to him. All honor to De la Fosse!

Imagine the great and sudden jump into fame these words meant for this young man. And now a little later we can picture to ourselves the worthy Academicians voting for the new genius, we can see him giving his hand to M. Coypel, "the first painter of the king," and taking the requisite oath. As for the money gift that was expected of the new Academicians, we are told that it was lowered in this instance—for what had Watteau but his brush and his canvas?—and so he was asked for only a hundred livres.

But this sudden fame did not elate Watteau. He was clever enough to know that he had many faults—besides, he disliked show and pomp, he knew his own merit and demerit, and above all he was never satisfied with himself. Money did not win him over. He would even snatch away a finished picture, and with the price of it lying by his side he would ruthlessly efface it. He wanted to reach something beyond what people praised, and besides this a spirit of almost morbid restlessness was fast laying hands upon him.

And what did fame bring him? What it brings to all famous people who also become fashionable—a crowd of importunate, so-called friends, greedy men who wish to acquire something for nothing, needy fortune-hunters who are as willing to rob a genius-mine as to thrust their hands into a money-bag, and Watteau was just the man for them. Keen in seeing all their meanness, yet incapable of snubbing it; strong on one side of his nature and weak on the other; so generous him-

self, so little capable of base thoughts or ideas of greed, and yet so intensely capable of suffering from these sins when exhibited in others—at once caustic and simple, Watteau had no chance in this world, where philosophy must have no heart and where simplicity is looked upon as wisdom of the fool.

But now and then, when Watteau was in the company of one or more of his own congenial friends, then a period of good humor and merriment would reveal itself, and then how delightful the artist could be, and also—how contrary!

Another friend in need now appears. M. Crozat, a great collector, offered him a home in his beautiful house, where he had brought together such exquisite pictures and drawings that for the time Watteau was immensely happy. He could feast his eyes on Van Dycks and Titians, and he could pore over drawings of Giacomo Bassano. His friends—a wonderful man for friends, as we have said, was this sad Watteau—M. Henin and the Count de Caylus, who afterwards wrote his life, here gathered round him, and they would take copies of these rare drawings for him, and, better still, they tried to keep the rogues away. He, Watteau, wanted to possess these copies of the old masters' drawings, but he wished to have also the masters' touch reproduced, and everything was to be done quickly. From this time that spirit of impatience which belongs to nervous, artistic temperament constantly peeps out, a spirit which is often judged severely by the phlegmatic dunces. In truth, besides the artistic temperament, Watteau had, doubtless from the early hardships he had endured, contracted the seeds of consumption. Ah well, the "*peintre des fêtes galantes*" was not to be envied, even though the *beau monde* dressed *à la Watteau*, walked and lounged and feasted *à la Watteau*, and as for Watteau himself, why, he brooded *à la Watteau* too!

This same curious temperament made him dislike any long labor. He must throw his idea on canvas as quickly as possible, never mind a dirty palette, never mind rules about oils, mediums, and colors, how this or that special color has to be kept clean in order that it may last till eternity. All this might do for the old masters, but Watteau himself wanted to go on, on, on quickly. The fever was in his veins, the special pose must be caught in a moment. And so—well, we get those delicious gestures which Watteau, and no one else, can give us, and also be-

cause of this we get his exquisite chalk drawings.

With regard to the latter it is a comforting thought to remember that his pictures might disgust him, his painted *fêtes* weary him, but give him his peculiar red chalk, then the poor Watteau was happy with his *pensées à la sanguine*, as he called his drawings.

He loved these same drawings—they might be destined for nobody and nothing, but he could not tear himself away from them, and the result is something so exquisite in touch and feeling that we are lost in admiration, and we cannot but agree with the critics who have declared that France has produced no greater draughtsman.

Few persons know, however, that in our British Museum we English possess over twenty of these exquisite drawings, each of which must delight even the most critical. The Louvre possesses one great picture of his, his Academy inaugural masterpiece, the "Embarkation for Cythera, the Isle of Love," which he did not finish till five years after he became a member; also in the Louvre there are thirty-one of his drawings; but we in London, as we have said, need only go to the British Museum to study his thoughts in red. Looked at from one point of view, these drawings seem to us more valuable than his pictures, from the reasons mentioned above. They are his true inspirations, the breadth of his genius; they are touched in so lightly that we can trace the influence of the old masters; also—with no irreverence to them we say it—Watteau put something in his drawings which none of them could have done so well. He fixed on paper the lightest of light-fitting emotions—a woman's smile—almost a woman's delicious breath.

But let us finish his short life-story. It need hardly be said that with such a man money was quite a misunderstood quantity. Calculations were not for Watteau; sometimes his friend the count snatched something from the earnings that seemed to possess wings, and tried to put it by for a rainy day; but in vain, sermons and advice on this head were wasted upon the artist. Watteau sometimes put ridiculously low prices upon his work, but often it was difficult to get a picture from him at any price; his usual impatience of imperfection stepped in, and his don't-care spirit was most annoying to the friends who thought of his future.

Once Watteau was moved to give them this answer: "If the worst comes to the

worst, isn't there the hospital? They refuse no one there?" There was a sad pathos in these words which shows plainly his hopelessness and his weariness of life. Love had failed him; he had loved and still loved unwisely and without return; health had failed him, and he sought in vain for relief from the doctors; sometimes even his friends failed him, because he wearied of them, not they of him.

For instance, the time came when M. Crozat's paradise made him feel dependent, and so he left it; and, from that time he tried sometimes a lodging or sometimes again a friendly roof. At one time it was with a Monsieur Vleughels, who afterwards became head of the Academy at Rome; but once again he left his friend to wander about much in the manner of our own English artist, the great Turner.

One day a new acquaintance praised England, and immediately Watteau's restless spirit seized upon the idea. So in 1719 the painter of the *fêtes galantes* started off to visit the foggy shores of England; but his peculiar temperament required above all things sunshine and cheerfulness, and thrown among people whose language he could not understand, and enduring ill a climate the very worst that could be for his consumptive constitution, he soon grew much worse. Indeed, this year in England was his death-blow, for though he worked on bravely he only longed to be at home again.

There is an etching done by him whilst he was in England, and engraved in 1739 by Arthur Pount, which speaks with silent eloquence of his depressed state of mind. The picture represents a certain "Docteur Misaubin," a French refugee in England, who professed to cure every ill with a quack pill, but who himself was in a miserable and starving condition. "Physician, heal thyself," was what Watteau meant to express, giving vent to his bitter irony against the profession, which in those days professed much, but could not even alleviate his suffering.

He had still energy enough, however, to creep back to France at the end of the year—enough even, though his fatal illness was gaining upon him, to settle at Nogent, near Vincennes, where the good Abbé Haranger, M. Julienne, and others tended him with affection. But all in vain. Death's cold fingers were grasping the hands that had painted so much of life's sunshine; yet, before the darkness fell, Watteau had something to repent of.

In the midst of an irreligious world Watteau had not lost his faith, his con-

science was tender, and he could not forgive himself for having behaved unkindly to his former pupil and fellow-citizen Pater. Most likely it was his usual impatience (which impatience was chiefly from physical causes) that had been the reason of his getting weary of teaching young Pater, and that had therefore made him dismiss him hastily. Now, however, in order to make amends he sent for him, he even confessed to his friend Gersaint that some jealous feeling had been mixed up in the transaction, and that he must now make up to Pater for his previous unkindness—make up, at least, as much as lay in his power.

Pater then came to Nogent, and the dying man exerted himself to teach him all he knew. For one month this sublime effort was made, and the pupil attributed all his after success to this death-bed teaching. The old grudge was forgotten, and the devoted pupil could never in after years speak gratefully enough of Watteau's goodness.

Yet one more picture the painter of the *fêtes galantes* was to paint, and this time it was not the departure for the Island of Love, not the flirtations of the courtiers and the sports of soulless maidens, but a picture of the dying Christ upon the cross, for the good curé of Nogent. He who had painted joy for so long now at the last hour showed his true spirit, and drew with trembling fingers what he understood so well—physical suffering borne in heroic silence; but around the dying Christ he placed a choir of angels, just as round Watteau's suffering life hope was visible.

And even whilst dying, and in all the sadness of that terrible weakness, Watteau believed in beauty. The distorted and hideous crucifix held before his dying eyes by the good curé of Nogent, pained him. "Take it away," he said, "it hurts me; why have they so maligned my Master?"

Strange to say, even at this juncture the dying artist had one more idea of a last fitting, but this was not to be. Pencil in hand, the painter of *fêtes galantes* passed away on July 18, 1721, when only thirty-seven years old.

In the exhibition at Burlington House in the beginning of 1889, the English public were able to study some beautiful and rare Watteaus. They could note the soft coloring, a coloring peculiar to this artist; they could study his landscape, which is now recognized as beyond his time, and is only lately appreciated by critics—all this was visible in these examples of our

Watteau, but all of them belonged to his mature style. At first Watteau was much influenced by Flemish tradition; one can trace in his early work the dry, minute touches of the smaller Flemish masters, but after his residence at the Luxembourg, where he deeply studied Rubens, the dry touch disappears, the true old master spirit reveals itself in him — he learns the meaning of broad touches and pure color. Next, the glow of the Venetian work seized his imagination, and he threw off the influence of Flanders and adopted his own true personal type, without which individual touch no man can expect to make a lasting name.

We must go to the Louvre and study his greatest picture to get the best idea of his power as a colorist, but to understand the magic touch of Watteau we need go no further than the British Museum, and there turn over his red chalk sketches. Being the clever, poetic, morbid, generous, impatient Watteau that he was, he loved his drawings best, and was happy when his mornings could be given up to them, and when the chalk was not hard, and would move as swiftly and as easily as his eager mind.

As to the Louvre picture, the mere description of the "Embarkation for the Island of Cythera" cannot convey the charm of the coloring. On the right, near a statue of Venus, from which flowers are trailing, and a bow and quiver are suspended, one sees a pilgrim, who with his staff on the ground kneels by a woman who is sitting down. Her head is bent, and a fan is in her hand. (What volumes do not Watteau's fans express!) On the other side is Cupid reposing on his quiver, with bare legs and shoulders, covered with a black mantle. He is gently pulling the woman by her skirt, he wishes to woo her to thoughts of love, no very hard task in those days. Close by, another pilgrim is hurrying away with his love, who looks back somewhat regretfully towards the last group. A dog follows them, one of those delightful, silky, spotted dogs Watteau touches in so charmingly. Below the mound where these figures are placed, one sees on the left hand men, women, and cupids, who are all making their way towards a gilded barge guided by two men. In the background one perceives a winding river, down which the ship of love will soon be floating between lovely wooded hills. It is all a beautiful, unreal dream, but it has also the germs of a beautiful truth. The autumn tints of the trees retain and allow

the golden sunshine to pierce their branches, the smiles on the little faces are smiles of love and pleasure, the folds of the dresses are soft and yielding, the color of the draperies are of every beautiful shade of pink, yellow, and blue; and the sunshine is real sunshine, not merely white nothingness.

Truly all is glow and all is glowing, and life is happiness, and joy is a truth, and we thank the "peintre des fêtes galantes" for painting it, even if it is all unreal, because even in this nineteenth century a few of us love fairy-tales, and believe that there is a world where love and joy and sunshine live, surrounded, doubtless, by a circle of magic land which only the few can cross, but which having once visited, we often dream of again with unbounded delight.

And Watteau, who painted this, realized the charm of the enchantment. He knew well enough that he was giving us unreality, but he did it with a purpose. To the misanthrope he wanted to teach a lesson of harmless joy, and to the frivolous he showed how powder and patches, fêtes and fashions, never lead to anything nobler, but that, in spite of this, beauty is a truth, and above all, that art must be beautiful if it is to be a mighty influence in the world.

ESME STUART.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE SHETLAND ISLES IN THE BIRDS'-NESTING SEASON.

THERE is a story of a little boy who used to feel sick when he sat in a carriage with his back to the horses. So long as he was small enough to sit on his mother's knee, or as a third on the front seat without crushing his sister's frock and making her a figure, his weakness did not much signify. But when he grew too big for this, his mother told him he must try to be a man, and get over it. He wished to please her; and, having a fairy godmother who helped him when she saw he was trying in earnest, succeeded so well, that soon he had learned to travel backwards as no other boy before or since has done. Often he would shut his eyes and spin back at first for hundreds, and then, as he grew more accustomed to it, thousands of years, until one very hot steaming day as it seemed to him — though at home it was cold enough for a fire in the schoolroom — as he skirted, with boots very wet with

red mud, a wood of overgrown mares' tails, he nearly trod on a pterodactyl, which he had not noticed in a reed bed till he was close by it. It snapped at him as it rose at his feet and frightened him. After that, excepting in his mother's carriage, and sometimes in the train, he would not go backwards any more, but began to go forward instead, and when he went to school was soon head of his form.

The feelings of the little boy in the story in his backward journeys must have differed in degree only from our own when, on Whit-Tuesday last, with the din of London scarcely out of our ears, and recollections of flowers and uniforms and ladies' dresses on the Foreign Office stairs fresh in our minds, we found ourselves on a remote promontory in Shetland face to face with living examples of life, under circumstances which almost everywhere else in the British Islands have long since passed away.

The green of the turf at our feet was broken with patches of thrift and pink campion, and starred in all directions with dwarfed blue squills in full blossom. On the opposite side of the sound, to our left as we looked southwards, a mile or so off, lay the island of Mousa, with its almost perfect broch in full view. To our right lay a little land-locked bay, a perfect anchorage for a viking's boats, with deep water, still as a pond, though a stiff breeze was blowing, and both open sea and sound were white with breakers. On the narrowest point of the isthmus were the ruins of a second broch commanding the promontory and bay; and on the mainland opposite, within twenty yards, stood a crofter's homestead, built with stones from the broch, not many degrees removed from the beehive huts, of which the outlines, and in more than one case the stone foundation walls, clustering round the castle, were still to be seen.

We leant against a corn tub with a roughly chipped disk of stone for lid, which might have passed muster in a museum as a relic of pre-historic days, and chatted with a kindly old lady, wearing "revlins," the most primitive form of shoe known, made of untanned cowhide with the hair on, fitted to the foot while "green," to the use of which, writes Professor Mitchell, "John Elder referred in his famous letters to Henry VIII. of England (1542-43), when he wished to show the extent of the barbarism of the 'Wilde Scotcs.'"

We had surprised her by expressing a wish to see a quern in working order, and

she took us through a gate, swinging on a stone socket, into an outhouse to see one belonging to her uncle and herself. The door was so low and the walls so thick that we had to stoop almost to "all fours" to get in, and having done so, found ourselves in the dark until our hostess had found her stick—a precious possession where there is no native grown wood—and opened the shutter by knocking off a sod which covered the only window, a slit in the turf roof. The sun at the moment being clouded, and the light, even when the shutter was down, not very brilliant, our friend left us to fetch a lamp. We were quite prepared to see her return with a Shetland "collie"—the double iron pan with pointed spouts like a jug (the one to carry the melted blubber and wick, the other to catch the drip) which, until whale oil gave way to paraffin, was the common lamp of the country—and were almost disappointed when, instead, she brought a contrivance of scarcely less primitive design, not unlike a battered tin teapot with a twist of unspun wool in the spout for wick. In spite of the cloud of smoke it threw up, and the rather troublesome attentions of a small calf which had been shut up in the room to keep it from its mother, we were able by the light it gave to examine, underneath the wooden tray on legs, fastened to the wall, on which the grindstones were fixed, the simple but very effective contrivance* for regulating the coarseness of the meal to be ground.

We felt as we crept back into the open air much as we might have done if, on crawling down the rocks outside to look for the nests of the black guilemots which swarmed on the lower ledges, we had turned a corner and come upon a great auk sitting on her egg.

Perhaps the sense of far-backness was all the stronger upon us, because, since we had left London, a veil had been dropped between us and our past existence. The weather as we left Aberdeen had been perfection, with just enough air stirring to freshen the colors of the sea, and carry the smoke of the funnel clear of the deck. The sun set "smilingly forsworn," at twenty-five minutes to nine, and as the long twilight, which brought

* A full description of the mechanism of a quern, with illustrations, with much other interesting information with regard to the survival in Shetland of implements, etc., of patterns of very early date, will be found in the Rhind Lectures, delivered in 1876 and 1878, by Dr. A. Mitchell, professor of ancient history to the Royal Scottish Academy, quoted above, published in 1880, under the title "The Past in the Present."

home to us that we were getting northward, set in, sheerwaters — which in their habits are the owls of the sea, living for the most part in their holes on shore by day, and coming out at dusk — shot past us, one or two at a time, with quick, gliding flight, on their way to their feeding-grounds, the long, sharp wings closing at each stroke backwards, until the birds seemed to have forked tails like swallows.

Perhaps if our experience of local weather signs had been larger we might have seen a warning of what was before us in the curiously angular shape of the sun as it dipped; but ignorance was bliss, and we "turned in," happy in what we thought the certain prospect of a quick and pleasant voyage, and woke to find ourselves anchored for five-and-twenty hours in a dripping fog, somewhere near, but no one could say how far from, Kirkwall Bay.

The interest of our trip lay more in the present than the past; our object in coming so far having been not so much to look for antiquities as to see the birds which in the summer gather by myriads to breed on the rocks and islands of the Shetlands. Some which are common here, nest in few, if any, other places in the British Isles. When we started we had indulged in dreams of visits to Fair Island, and perhaps to Foula, which lie, the one — reported to be more beautiful than any island in either Orkney or Shetland — half-way between the two groups; the other — the wildest and most precipitous in either — in the open Atlantic, some twenty miles or so to the west of the mainland of Shetland.

But twelve days, or at most a fortnight, was all that we could conveniently spare, and of these three had already gone before we set foot on shore in Lerwick on Sunday evening.

It is only in very calm days that a landing can be effected on either Fair Island or Foula, and as the weather, which for the fortnight before our arrival had been unusually warm and still for the time of year, had broken, and the Beltane Ree, of which before leaving home we had read with some misgivings in Dr. Edmundston's "Glossary of Shetland Words," as "a track of stormy weather common in the islands about Whitsuntide," was to all appearance upon us, we were obliged to give up all notions of anything more ambitious than a visit to one or two of the more easily accessible of the chief breeding places, and to the castle of Mousa, which we were especially anxious to see.

The welcome breeze which had blown

away the fog, had, since it first sprang up on Whit-Sunday, been steadily freshening, and by Monday morning, when we started for Noss, an island lying outside Bressa, half a gale was blowing.

It was some little time before we succeeded in getting a boat to carry us over the Sound, but at last one was found, and by eleven o'clock we were landed on the other side, with luncheon in our pockets and clothes comparatively dry. A pleasant walk of three or four miles leads from the landing-place to the point of Bressa, opposite the shepherd's house in Noss, where there is a ferry between the two islands; and half-way across, as we sauntered along, interested by such un-Londonish sights as women harnessed to harrows, or carrying heavy loads of peat from the hills in straw baskets hanging from their shoulders, knitting as they went, we were delighted at seeing for the first time, near a fresh-water lake, a party of Richardson's skuas — the birds which more than any others were responsible for bringing us over land and sea eight hundred miles and more from London. We knew that they bred regularly in Mousa, some fifteen miles to the south, and on some of the more northerly islands, but had not expected to find them in Bressa or Noss; and the first sight of their long, thin, sharp-cut, angular wings, and the two unmistakable long pin feathers springing from the middle of the tail, and the powerful, graceful flight of the birds as they circled round, playfully chasing one another, or lit on the water to rise again the next moment, had the charm of a welcome surprise.

Noss is separated from the larger island by a narrow cut. The channel is not many yards wide, but in certain states of wind and tide cannot be crossed without danger. We had been warned in Lerwick, that with the wind blowing as it had done for some thirty hours, it was not unlikely that we might find the ferry too rough to cross. But this time fortune favored us, and though the sea close by to the north was white and thundered ominously, we got over without any difficulty.

From the landing-place, where the shepherd's cottage, the only one on the island, stands on level ground not many feet above the sea, the land in Noss rises westward, steepening at first gently, then more and more rapidly, until, at the split, sugar-loaf-shaped point of the Noup, the short, flowery turf ends abruptly in a precipice.

Not far from the highest point is one of

the many little inlets known locally as Geos, Voes, or Wicks, according to their size and shape, which give much of its picturesqueness to the coast scenery of the Shetlands; and from the promontory at the farther side we were able to get a good view of one side of the sea face, which seems to be built up of thin, horizontal layers of sandstones and conglomerates, alternately hard and soft, which, weathering with curious regularity, have given the precipice in parts very much the appearance of a gigantic bookcase, on every shelf of which, as we saw it, were tightly packed masses of sea-birds, of every shade of white, black, and grey.

We had been told that to do justice to the Noup of Noss, it should be seen from the sea. It may be so. But if the view from below is more impressive than that on which we looked down from the summit, it must be one of extraordinary grandeur.

The waves were rolling in, and breaking into foam on the rocks six hundred feet below us. Puffins, guilemots, and shags shot in and out by thousands. Gulls in numbers incalculable sailed round and round or hung motionless in the wind — so near some of them that, without any need for glasses, we could see the ruffling of each little feather, and the expression of eyes turned on us — and faded in perspective as we looked down into a living milky way of birds.

To make the picture complete, a peregrine falcon, monarch — in the absence of the white-tailed eagles, which have usually an eyrie either on Noss or Bressa — of all he surveyed, looking, far up in the blue, scarcely bigger than a fly, screamed in notes, which rung out clearly above all other sounds, defiance to the world at large.

Nothing that ever has been or ever will be written of such scenes, will make the reader see them with his own eyes for the first time, or for that matter for the hundredth, without a sense of almost dazing amazement at the numbers in which the birds collect.

A couple of hundred yards or so from the south-west of the Noup, lies the Holm, a corner of the main island, cut off by a chasm, through which the sea runs. The Holm some years ago was connected with Noss by a rope bridge, put up by a reckless cragsman who lost his life on returning after the work was completed. It is now inaccessible, and was, when we saw it, crowded with nests of the lesser black-backed and herring gulls, which

here, as elsewhere, breed socially together.

In the remoter islands something of the old spirit of the Norseman, who believed that the only safe road to Valhalla was across a bloody battlefield, still survives in the idea that the most honorable death-bed for a Shetlander is "on the banks;" but on the more comfortable mainland, so far as we could learn, there is very little cliff-climbing done by any but adventurous boys; and, excepting when, as hundreds are misguided enough to do, the birds tempt fate by laying on the flat, they may most of them reckon on bringing up their families without human interference.

As we stood by the Holm, continuous flocks of small gulls, either kittiwakes or sea-mews — the two are in appearance so much alike, that unless very close indeed it is impossible to say which is which — flew over us, all in the same direction, coming from the north-west. Every bird, in all many hundreds, had a bunch of something in its mouth. We tried to find out what the attractive morsels were, but all our efforts to make one of them drop his load were useless, and we could only guess from the general appearance and size (very likely wrongly) that they were parcels of sand eels or sand worms.

From the Holm we strolled over to the lower ground, where in the morning we had noticed more than one anxious pair of Richardson's skuas, and were absorbed for the rest of the afternoon in watching them. The skuas, of which there are four kinds classed as British, are the connecting link between the gulls and hawks. The Richardson or Arctic skua is the commonest. It is a slender bird with a body scarcely bigger than a pigeon, but with a powerful cutting beak, and great powers of flight and courage. They live, like all their tribe, almost entirely by robbing larger gulls, and fly at birds three times their own weight and size as fearlessly as a sparrowhawk flies at a lark.

As we lay on the side of the hill, looking down on the hollows which are their favorite breeding-places (they make no nest), a skua, for no other reason apparently than that our continued presence too near its eggs had put it out of temper, dashed savagely at a gull which looked nearly big enough to swallow it, and struck it now from above and now from below with a crack which sounded as if the blow had been given with a riding-whip. The poor bird attacked made one or two attempts to get back to the two eggs in a nest on the grass beneath us, from which just before

we had driven it, which was all it wished to do, but in the end had to give it up as a bad job, and flew off with a protesting wail.

There is nothing in nature more beautiful than the "heaven taught art" with which most birds which breed on the ground in the open lead away from their eggs and young. The oyster-catcher (perhaps because he feels that it is hopeless for a bird dressed in staring shepherd's plaid, with red legs and beak, to hope to conceal himself) loses his head completely, and betrays his nest by shrieking despairingly over it the moment it is approached. But he is only the exception which proves the rule. We saw in one place, within a yard or two of our feet, what looked like a sand-colored mouse, crawling slowly and stealthily close to the ground, down a little hollow, following the indentations of the ground where the sand, which had drifted between tussocks of grass, exactly matched its color. It was a little ringed plover, afraid, if it rose as shyly as at any other time it would have done, of betraying four pointed eggs, evidently hard set, arranged, points inward, as a Maltese cross, in a saucerful of little scraps of sandstone and speckled granite, carefully chosen to match their coloring.

But for the knowledge that almost all birds, if their nests are disturbed at all early in the season, lay again, the prick of conscience, without which an egg which the bird has been at so much pains to conceal cannot be taken, would be too dear a price to pay, even for the pleasure and interest of a collection, with the refreshing recollections it can awake of "thick groves and tangled streams" hunted in boyish days, and island-dotted lakes, moors, and marshes, and sea-beaten headlands, since visited in intervals of sterner occupations.

Most sea-gulls, certainly the herring and lesser black-backs, whose eggs are largely collected for food wherever they are at all common and easily got at, have very considerable powers of egg-production at will, though the ordinary "clutch" when undisturbed is seldom more than three or at most four. The only difficulty seems to be with the coloring material, which is apt to run short, and the more eggs are taken, the paler as a rule becomes the ground color, and the less clear the markings.

It is a fairly safe assumption that an egg unusually strongly marked or highly colored is one of the first of the season which the bird has laid, and it is not an

uncommon thing, at least with gulls, to see the pitch of color in a nest containing one or more of such smart eggs brought down to the average by an unusually pale egg or two in the same nest.

The scoutie ailen, as the Richardson's skua is called in Shetland, carries the ordinary arts of deception to as great perfection as any bird. It can limp like a partridge, and drop as if shot from the sky, and lie on its side feebly flapping one wing. But if the stories told by the shepherds are true, and certainly our own experiences strongly confirmed them, the bird is not content with such tame devices as these.

In Flaubert's wonderful book, "Salammbô," when Hamilcar learns that as a last hope for the city a sacrifice of first-born to Moloch has been decreed, he hides the little Hannibal in dirty clothes in the slaves' quarters, and struggles with the priests, who tear from his arms a jewelled and scented slave boy.

The scoutie, with the true spirit of the noble Carthaginian slave-owner, when hard pressed, deliberately leads on to the nest of the gulls it despises, and then goes through an elaborate pantomime of distress. Again and again we made sure that at last we were to see the true skua's eggs, and as often found ourselves looking at the nest of some common gull.

But, before returning to Lerwick, we were to be treated to an even more amusing specimen of the cynical humor of the scoutie. One of our party had for some time watched a bird, which evidently had eggs close by, and at last, when its suspicions seemed to be lulled to sleep, saw it light on a rough spot not very far off. There it stopped in ostentatious concealment, every now and then cautiously lifting its head and peering over the grass in his direction. He marked the spot and walked straight up to it; this time pretty sure that he had got what he wanted. When he was almost there the scoutie rose with a derisive chuckle from a black-backed gull's nest, where, as he had been slow in coming, she had whiled away the time by sucking one of the eggs.

But for skuas, as for prouder potentates, "there is no armor against fate." We brought home, as a remembrance of an enjoyable day, the tail of one which had bowed to higher power and been eaten by a hawk.

The great skua, which is three times the size of Richardson's, breeds still on one or two of the northern islands, and on Foula, but is every year becoming scarcer.

We did not see it ourselves in the Shetlands, but in the autumn, a year or two before, had fine opportunities of studying its habits, and realizing the appropriateness of its scientific name, *Lestris catarrhactes*—the pirate who makes his descents with the dash of a waterfall—when, in company with three yachts and humbler sea-fowl innumerable, one of these magnificent birds was driven by stress of weather outside to run for shelter to Loch Broom.

The day after our visit to Noss, when on the point of No-Ness, fifteen miles or so south, we were taken to see a perforated rock, like a double arch of a submerged cathedral, which for many years had been the nesting-place of a pair of the great black-backed gulls, worse tyrants, if possible, than even the skua. The great black-back is a solitary bird, bearing, "like the Turk, no brother near his throne," dreaded and shunned by other birds, whose eggs and young he destroys.

Macaulay, minister of Ardnamurchan, and historian of St. Kilda, a great-uncle of the historian of the larger neighboring islands, writing in 1758, says:—

It is hardly possible to express the hatred with which the otherwise good-natured St. Kildans pursue these gulls. If one happens to mention them it throws their whole blood into a ferment. If caught, they outvie one another in torturing this imp of hell to death. Such is the emphatical language in which they express action so grateful to their vindictive spirit. They pluck out his eyes, sew his wings together, and send him adrift. . . . They extract the meat out of the shell of his egg and leave that quite empty in the nest. The gull sits upon it till she pines away.

From the cliff where we lay down to watch them we could see three little birds—offspring of the feathered Cain—just out of the egg, lying on the short heather which covered the top of the rock, while the parent birds, whose consciences, perhaps, made cowards of them, hung near enough to watch us, but far enough off to have been well out of gunshot if we had had any murderous designs, which was not the case.

On the following morning, with a spanking breeze behind us, we sailed across to Mousa. The castle, which stands only a few yards from the shore, on the west side of the island, is probably the oldest building in the British Islands in anything like a complete state, and is of almost startling interest.

Ruins of squat round towers, known as *brochs*, built of stone without mortar—the connecting link, according to Sir Walter Scott, between a fox's lair in a cairn and a human habitation—of which nothing is known, excepting, perhaps, that when the vikings made their first descents a thousand years or more ago they found them standing and took possession of them, are scattered plentifully on the cliffs of the mainlands and islands of the north of Scotland.

The Broch of Mousa is the only one in existence which still stands, in all essential particulars, as in all probability it stood when originally occupied. It is a circle of stone wall about forty feet high, shaped like a chess castle with the battlemented top cut off. The outside diameter is about fifty feet at the base, and thirty-eight or forty feet at the top. It is bearded on the outside with a venerable growth of grey lichen, and tapers gradually from the bottom, until, within a few feet of the top, it slightly widens again, so that the actual top almost imperceptibly overhangs.

Unless, as is not impossible, the walls have been nipped by settlements, the Picts, or whoever else they may have been who first designed the castle and burrowed their dwellings in the green slope behind it, must have been a race much smaller than the better-fed man of the nineteenth century. It was only at some risk of being set fast, like a too keen fox-terrier in a rabbit's hole, that a pair of shoulders of not much more than average breadth could be pushed a little way through some of the most roomy of the galleries.

They, poor people, and the Norsemen who robbed and exterminated them, have their successors now in the rock pigeons, who have made a dovecote of the castle, and the falcons who prey upon them. In the enclosed court lay the clean-picked bones and feathers of a pigeon killed a day or two before our visit, and just inside the entrance to the staircase, in a hollow under a stone, a naked nestling lay dead beside a cold egg, in which was another young bird, which when the mother left the nest to return no more must have been within an hour or two of hatching. In the corner of one of the chambers crouched a pair of young birds almost ready to fly. As we climbed the stairs a second pair, full grown but still uneducated, fluttered before us, and as we came out on the top of the tower, a peregrine poised himself for a moment, and circling once or twice without any visible movement of the wing, sailed off magnificently to the north-west,

probably to join his mate on the Noup of Noss.

There is a herd of Shetland ponies on Mousa. They are kept for breeding purposes only, and lead a life as free as the mustangs of Mayne Reid's stories. All the mares, with a single exception, had, when we saw them, foals beside them, and were kept well in hand by their shaggy lord and master, who, when he thought we had looked long enough, gave the order to move off, and when one mare lingered behind the rest with a tiny foal not many days old, which skipped about like a lamb, and looked scarcely bigger, he cantered down and at once drove her up. The stallions' place as they move is last in the herd. The standard height for a Shetland pony is forty inches, and the present value of a fairly good one not taller, from £15 to £20. Many of them, poor little creatures, leave their island to spend the rest of their lives in coal-mines; but there has lately been a considerable demand from America, and many now go there.

On leaving the castle we made a circuit to the south-east, gathering a few common eggs for cooking, and crossing a beautiful bay of shining sand composed entirely of powdered shells of every shade of white, pink, yellow, and blue.

The cliffs here are very irregular. In places little caves, running in some way, have been bored by the waves and loose rocks, and as we walked near the edge, from underneath our feet came uncanny sounds — whisperings of young starlings, and underground rumblings and boomings of the sea, as if Trolls and imprisoned giants still lingered on the island.

Once a lark rose close by us from a nest so well concealed that we looked without finding it, until as if by magic four king-cups — the wide-opened orange mouths of as many little birds just hatched with chins touching and necks stretched out till they looked a single stalk, shot up from the short heather and burst into full blossom at our feet. A few yards further on we picked up a baby lapwing, which was doing its best to hide under a tussock of grass. But it was getting late and the wind was against us, and pleasantly as another hour or two might have been passed on Mousa, we were obliged to tear ourselves away. It was not until we had tacked six times that we found ourselves on shore again at Sandwick in time and with appetites for an excellent dinner.

The teeming bird life of the Shetlands is confined, during the breeding season, mainly to the coast line. In the drive of

five-and twenty miles from Lerwick to Sumburgh, the last half of which we took the morning after our visit to Mousa, and in our walks across the island to and from Scalloway, we were struck with the comparative scarceness of birds when out of sight of the sea.

Wherever there were buildings, the ubiquitous house sparrow was of course to be seen, but not in anything like the numbers it is usually found elsewhere, and once, not far from Sandwick, we certainly thought we saw a pair of tree sparrows. But a treeless island is scarcely the place to look for a bird so named, and as we afterwards failed to find any mention of it in Dr. Saxby's "Birds of Shetland," and were too modest to suppose that it had been reserved for us, in a week's visit, to make an addition to his list, we were obliged to conclude that to our eyes, more accustomed to the smoky color tones of London, the clean head feathers of a spick and span house sparrow in wedding garments had seemed the chocolate cap of the smaller and rarer bird.

The smaller birds we noticed oftenest inland were mountain linnets or "twites," which, though scarce farther south, here take the place of the common linnet, which is seldom or never seen in Shetland. The two birds are very much alike, the only points of difference of any importance being that the beak, which in the common linnet is a blue black, is yellow in the twite, and that the pink which is a conspicuous feature in the summer plumage of most of the family, instead of appearing, as it does in the linnet, on the head and breast, shows itself less strongly in the twite on the back near the tail.

Every now and then what we took to be a raven flew over, high up, or a plover rose and wheeled round us, the hen bird waiting, as in Shakespeare's day, till "far from her nest," to cry "away," and trying to mislead us by doubling signs of anxiety, probably, as we walked away from her treasures.

We noticed a few larks and pippets, and occasionally a pair of wheatears, who, like other visitors from the south, evidently appreciate the softness of Shetland wool, and were usually to be seen busily collecting it for a nest hidden in some snug corner under a rock not far off.

The value of Shetland wool in eyes other than those of breeding birds varies with the color, the shade most highly prized being a cinnamon brown, known as Murad, not unlike the color of the back

of a ruddy sheldrake — for which as much as half-a-crown a pound is often given before it is spun.

We felt a little as Moses must have felt on Pisgah, when, on reaching the top of the last hill before dropping down to Sumburgh, we saw across the Roost the outlines of Fair Island, looking, in the clear shining after the rain, not half its real distance and tantalizingly near.

Calm though the water had looked from the top of the hill, it was too rough to allow us, as we had hoped, to explore "the Head" from the sea, or to attempt anything with a small boat in the open.

But between Sumburgh and the towering precipice of Fitful Head, at the entrance of Queendale Bay, there are two islands well worth a visit. By the kindness of the owner, Mr. Bruce, of Sumburgh, a boat had been sent for us overland on a cart to a sheltered corner, and after a row of half an hour, during which we were objects of great interest to a party of seals, who popped up their heads and lifted themselves breast high to stare at us, we managed to reach them with clothes comparatively dry.

We had expected to find on the Lady Holm a fine show of gulls' eggs and one or two nests at least of the eider duck, of which a few pairs commonly breed there. But, unfortunately, we were a day too late, a boatload of boys having, as we afterwards learned, effected a landing the night before, and made a clean sweep of every egg that could be carried off. Parties of gulls stood in disconsolate attitudes by empty nests in every direction, and oyster-catchers and smaller waders rose piping in a half-hearted manner to tell the tale that they had nothing left to lose.

The only birds which seemed thoroughly contented and happy were the black guillemots, whose nests are very hard to find, and often, when found, as hard to get at. They rode peacefully at anchor in parties of ten or a dozen in every little bay, rising and falling with the swell of the water, one or other, every now and then, rousing himself just enough to lift a carmine leg to scratch the back of his head, or peck at some little fish or other tempting morsel which happened to float within easy reach.

But the interest of the islands is not dependent only on birds' nests. On the smaller of the two are still to be seen the traces of a little chapel, probably, like many others in sites as lonely and picturesque, first built as a retiring place by

some long forgotten culdee who has left behind him the only record of a saintly life in the name — Cross Holm — which the rock still bears. The beauty of the larger Lady Holm, on the west side a heap of huge bare boulders, tossed up by the Atlantic rollers, which in winter gales half sweep the island, on the other side a level sward of sea-pinks, would alone have paid us well for our splashed jackets. But Lady Holm has a special interest of quite another kind.

The Shetland Islands seem, in the days when the world was being fitted up for human habitation, to have been used by nature as an experimenting ground, and raised and submerged and raised again, heated and allowed to cool on no intelligible principle, scoured with ice, sometimes this way, sometimes that, until, as it now exists, it is hopeless for any but the most specialized of specialists to pretend to understand anything of the general geology of the group.

But a few things seem to come out fairly clearly. One of these is that once upon a time the promontory of Fitful Head must have been much bigger than it is now, and that, during this time, it was violently cracked, and that through the crack melted rock from very far below boiled up to the surface and hardened there.

Lady Holm seems to be a part of the original promontory as it existed at the time of the crack, which held its own when Queendale Bay was scooped out. The line of the intruded rock which crosses Fitful Head, if prolonged runs through it, and accordingly we find a little island built up, in two clearly divided and nearly equal halves, of widely differing rocks. The wild western side is granite, and the gentle, richly flowered eastern slopes are sandstone.

Three or four miles from Lerwick the south road divides; one branch zigzags along the coast towards Fitful Head, the other strikes across the island to Scalloway. On our return from Sumburgh we left the carriage at the parting of the ways, and sending it on to Lerwick with our baggage, walked across to Scalloway. The road undulates between hills covered with peat. Though it is in a way picturesque, there is nothing very striking to be seen, until, on the top of the last rise, the little port, with its beautiful land-locked harbor, lakes, and ruin, with the grand outlines of the hills of Foula in the distance, comes suddenly into view. The castle, which is unroofed, is of the common Highland,

sixteenth-century type—a tall, square building, with high-pitched gables, oriel windows, and round corner turrets. There is a coat-of-arms over the doorway, and conspicuous on the highest point of the western gable the iron ring from which tradition says that the founder, Patrick Stuart, of infamous memory, was in the habit of hanging neighbors who disagreed with him as to the fair price for their estates.

It is not difficult, without any greater mental effort than is involved in looking up the index references in the published registers of the Privy Council of Scotland, to draw for oneself a fairly distinct picture of the man and his times.

Patrick was a grandson of James V. Robert Stuart, his father, had been prior of Holyrood, but exchanged his priory with Adam Bothwell, the first Protestant bishop of the see, for the bishopric or temporalities of Orkney.

The union of Robert Stuart's father and mother—the latter a young lady of high degree, who afterwards married a Bruce—had not been blessed by clergy; and perhaps, on this account, the new bishop seems to have considered himself absolved from any oppressive obligations to the Church. He persuaded the king to make the bishopric an earldom, and at once set to work in his own fashion to increase his estates in Orkney and Shetland. If Church matters were managed now in Scotland as they were then, Dr. Cameron might be pretty sure of a majority when next he raises the question of disestablishment.

Robert, the father, had chastised with whips. Patrick, the son, was to chastise with scorpions. In the Council Registers of the last few years of the fifteenth and first few years of the sixteenth centuries are entered constant complaints from poor Orkney men and Zetlanders of oppression, such as had never before been "hard of in any reformed cuntry subject to ane christiane prince."

Earl Patrick steals Sir Andrew Balfour's sheep, cows, butter, and seed corn, and "refts from him and his puir tenentes, twenty-nine whales, which at grite charges and expenses," they had driven on shore on Sir Andrew's own land. He besieges and takes away Sir Patrick Belenden "(he being 72 in a wand bed), and delivers his ho us to Keipers, and all because he would not despone his londs to him," and so on until "no man of rent or purse might enjoy his property without his speciale favour, and that same dear

bought, filchit and forgit faults being so devisit against many of them that they were compellit by imprisonment and small reward to resign their heritable titles to him . . . gif not life and all besides."

It is not difficult to understand why, after most entries of the kind, we read, "Wanting probation the earl is assolized," as at least ten times in a single volume of the register appear such entries as the following:—

"*Sederunt*, Cancellarius, Orkney The-saurius, collector, etc."

"*Sederunt*, presente Rege, Lennox, cancellarius, Angus, Orkney, Mar, etc."

But Lord Orkney trod once too often on the toes of his royal cousin, and in 1613 Lord Carew,* writing to give his dear friend, Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to the Great Mogul, the last gossip of the London season—that Sir Moyle Finch is dead, leaving the richest widow in England, that Lord Berkeley and Lord Fitzwalter have married the two pretty daughters of Sir M. Stanhope, that a ship fitted with provisions for nine months (the forerunner by two hundred years of Sir John Franklyn's ill-fated expedition) is just starting to find a north-west passage, and that there is much talk at court of the "rising fortune at court of a young gentleman 'of good parts,'" a Mr. Villiers, etc., is able to fill a corner in his letter with the news that "the Erle of Orkeney in Scotland is beheaded and his lands and honour escheated to the Kinge."

As we left behind us the beautiful scene of so many iniquities, a raven, big and hoarse enough to have been a survivor from Patrick's day, when ravens' food was cheap in Scalloway, flew close over us, croaking an appropriate good-bye.

It was a farewell to the Shetlands, as well as to the castle.

On reaching Lerwick we found at the quay a steamer which was to sail that night with a cargo of fish and cattle, direct for Aberdeen, and as the weather was still broken, and there was little more that we could see, we put our things on board at once, and three days later had crossed the Forth Bridge, the first day it was opened for general traffic, and were in London again.

For those of us, especially whose place in the procession of the generations happens just now to be among the workshops on the table-land of middle life, it is wholesome to be reminded every now and then

* Letters of Lord Carew. Published by the Camden Society.

that time is a created thing, and life possible without its limitations.

It is a pleasant reminder of the kind to look back on a holiday trip into which the impressions of twelve months seem to have been crowded, and to know that while one has been away from home the sun has only risen and set on as many days.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SEA AND SEASIDE.

THOUSANDS of people go to the seaside with feelings which can hardly be called mixed, for they distinguish sharply between some of those which it is capable of arousing. They like to see, smell, and possibly (within reach of a bathing-machine) feel it; but, while they have the courage of their convictions, they decline to interpose a boat between themselves and the waves. The sea, indeed, is not only "cruel," but the promoter of social and domestic cruelty. A good boy, *e.g.*, is no more likely to repress uncomplimentary reflections at the spectacle of a parent's agonies than a bad one; and the *reductio ad absurdum* of a head master is a process which no young scholar would like to miss the sight of, even though he should be compelled to share in it himself. The sense of degradation would be mitigated by that of, at least, passing equality. I honor the moral courage of those who, having had reason to justify their refusal, decline to accept invitations for a "sail," whether proceeding from a tarry and covetous native, disinterested friends, or affectionate children.

Many who delight in the seaside—though with stubborn rejection of seductive proposals to enjoy all that it offers—hardly realize the secret of their enjoyment. That is not wholly caused by an escape from work and a shifting of their surroundings, but rather by a unique contrast which the sea provides to any change from the streets to the fields. The sight and presence of that wonderful border which is provided by a beach kindles thoughts which no scene that shows only another portion of solid earth can ever stir. I don't refer to the "common objects of the seashore," however unquestionably interesting and instructive they may be. The claims of these are sometimes so insistently urged by people who would have us improve our mind, at low

tide, in grubbing after things for which they have no liking—except, perhaps, in the shape of shrimps—that we miss the larger impressions which can come as we stand upon a cliff, or even pier, and gaze upon the world of water. These are so strong as, with many, to survive the degrading influence of the accompaniment, with which offensive entertainers defile them. They are not always obliterated by the presence of donkeys, goat-carts, or even negro melodists. We talk of messages from the sea, and these can invest an old soda-water bottle and a scrap of pencilled paper with the deepest pathos. Nevertheless, we seldom realize the manifold fulness of the tale which the sea is always telling, nor the inexhaustible teachings of the difference between land and water. Man wanders over both, but while he scores one with his marks he leaves none upon the other. Behind us, as we look seaward from the beach, lie the records of history, young and old. There are ruins, boundaries cities, roads, countless monuments of the past which are still to be seen, and growing fabrics of to-day which demand our immediate notice. But before us the last human impress made by the mightiest engine of commerce vanishes in a moment. After the pause needed for the melting of a few bubbles we could not tell whether a thousand men had passed, cutting a furrow thirty feet deep, or a gull had struck the surface of the water with its wing. Besides a tower which lifts its warning from a rock, a lightship which points out a channel or a shoal, or a pier which breaks the force of a few inland waves, man has made no marks upon the sea whatever. Those indeed of which I speak rest upon, or are anchored in, the soil. They cling to the land, or they could not be there for an hour. We blast granite, tunnel mountains, dig mines, and lay down jealous lines between this and that possession, but the sea submits itself to no boundary besides the beach and cliff. The moment we reach the limit of these we encounter wholly new conditions of life and permanence. The continent has its kingdoms and revolutions. The ocean has none. We give it names, we divide it by latitudes and longitudes. We map it, but prick our course upon its chart without making a dent or drawing a line upon its skin. We sound it without leaving behind us a well into its depth or a pin-hole in its surface. Nothing is more permanent than a mound of "earth." That which was raised by prehistoric mourners

on the sky-line of the windy downs is seen as clearly as the last in the church-yard below. Let a child make a heap of only a dozen spadefuls on a level sward, and, if let alone, it will assert itself for centuries. But there is no "water-heap" beside the wave, which no sooner rises than it sinks, and which refuses to rise at all by aid of any tool, however man may try to pile it up. As, indeed, we approach the sea the earth itself loses its retentive power, and the waves which quickly flatten down the children's hillock of sand are only hints of their refusal to retain any impression made by the hand of man upon the ocean which they fringe. True, we read of billows mountains high, and may see valleys of water in Atlantic gales; but, while the Alpine ranges of the land are fixed, these mountains and hills of the sea are incessantly brought low, and level plains soon take the place of ocean heights.

Then, too, however continuously men may make their tracks from one great seaport to another, there is no beaten highway on the sea. It lies the same before the hindmost ship in the procession of thousands which have followed one another. There is no recovery of his lost path for the ocean traveller by seeking for the footsteps of those who have gone before. Each must use the same process for a discovery of his road. He must ask the sun in the sky above his head, not the signs beneath his feet, in order to find out where he is. He must consult the metal compass, not the guidance of the pointed waves, to know in which direction he shall go that he may be at the haven where he would be. The land voyager follows the trodden road, the last seaman who seeks his is no better guided than the first.

Then, too, there is the widest contrast and divergence between the respective inhabitants of the ocean and the solid earth. We stock our ponds, and clever men help in populating rivers with useful fish, but when once the sea is reached man's power to direct or use them is limited by the line and net with which we dip for such as we can catch, and though we talk of deep-sea fishers, they are, after all, comparatively shallow waters in which they ply their craft, or upper strata into which some monsters rise from the depths below. Who shall tell of those that roam thousands of fathoms beneath the sailor's feet? Some, they say, spend their unrecorded lives in sunken regions so dark that they are blind from birth, and never leave a home in which they need no eyes.

Even when we think of such as have them, we hear of watery beasts which the experience of centuries leaves among the fables of those that go down to the sea in ships. Landsmen laugh at the stories of the sea-serpent, but it is difficult to assume that they are all the work of imagination, and that real hints have never been given of monsters which no naturalist has been able to class among the living creatures of the globe. Here and there a hideous kraken has flung its arms around a boat to suck its men down to a death more horrible than any agonies of drowning, and museums show limbs which have been hacked off by such as have been able to escape its foul embrace. But the tales of these encounters, however verified by slimy records of the battle, are by many only half believed. There remains only a persuasion, firmly held by such as have seen some wonders of the deep, that it holds unknown and frightful forms of life which people its recesses and rarely show themselves to mortal eyes.

Then, too, think how untamable are the beasts of the sea. Some gentle scholars may fancy that they are recognized by the carp in a college pond, while they are only observing an appetite for sure and periodical ground-bait. Or a man like that unique naturalist, Thoreau, may be able to dip his hand into the water and lift a submissive fish. But none has ever been tamed or used for any purpose beyond ministering helplessly or reluctantly to the needs of man. Some are eaten, others squeezed or cut up for oil. Some yield bones or pearls, others provide a serviceable skin, but none have been pressed while living into the service of man. We capture and train elephants; how convenient it would be if we could save coals and sails by yoking whales to ships and guiding them from port to port! We might keep a steady and well-broken animal stabled and fed in a dock till the cargo had been stored and we were ready to drive him about the ocean again at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But the elephants of the ocean know no harness, and have hitherto declined taking any part in promoting the conveniences of commerce and civilization. The porpoise plays around the ship, and flying-fish show notable adaptability to air as well as water, but the swimming creature has yet to be found which will lend itself to the convenience of the sailor. There has been discovered no point of contact between the intelligence of men and fishes. We join issue with the horse and dog, we

plough with oxen and ride upon the ass, and yet, though man's ingenuity is ever being exercised in devising modes of transit over the sea, its inhabitants, who best know its ways and traverse it with native facility, help us only when they are eaten, cooked, skinned, or cut up.

Again, though the ocean has been so explored as to provide us with maps which define the borders of the earth, how very small a part of it is really visited in our days! The excellence of navigation, which has fixed the situation of continents and islands, is in itself a check upon the wanderings of man. When once he knows the shortest course from port to port, and how best to use prevailing winds, he diverges as little as possible from his watery track. In old days, when the circles of sailing had not been determined, mariners sailed into unknown waters, and went where they never think of going now. The lines of ocean traffic are already laid down, and a ship which is driven out of them, and then deprived of sail or steam, is in danger of being wholly lost in those great regions of water which lead nowhere and are crossed by no keel. The result of science has been to discover the shortest route between point and point, and this is followed by the merchantman with the greatest closeness that he can command. The rest of the ocean surface is a desert of water in which no ship is ever to be seen, unless it be helplessly driven there. I can conceive no apprehension more dismal than that of men so lost and unable to return into the belt of traffic. Nothing is more helpless than a great ship deprived of its power to move, and left to the scant mercy of strange currents and winds. Boats, indeed, can be rowed, and thus vessels driven out of a recognized track can search or send for help as they themselves toss about apart from the roadsides of the ocean. But a ship which has none left, whose machinery is quite broken down, and no material remains to replace masts and spars that have been lost, is about as hopeless a spectacle as can be seen. Unhappily it cannot be seen when it has drifted into the wilderness of waves where no sail is ever sighted nor any passing funnel ever smokes. Who can tell how many of those which have been reported as "missing" have thus missed their way and been unable to recover it again? They are not "wrecked," but in a very true and fatal sense "lost." Their place in the navies of the world may be so unobscured that no special search is made

for them. No one knows when or where they were caught by the dismantling hurricane and thrust apart, impotent but surviving, from the ken of their fellow mariners.

The dangers of the sea are indeed lessened by the fact that ships follow recognized courses, and thus any one in distress is likely to be seen and relieved unless driven too far aside. But this processional persistence brings its special perils. The vessel is "abandoned," being thought about to sink. But sometimes it obstinately floats. Well if it be soon blown out of the frequented track, and does not lie, like a fatal reef of iron, full in the path of the next comer, which strikes upon it in the night. How many a brave ship, which sails away and is never heard of again, has been suddenly wrecked while far away from any shore or hidden rock on which to strike. Think, too, of icebergs, the unmanned navies of the ocean, which yearly sail away from their frozen shores and block the trade of man. It is true that the latitude in which they may be found is generally known, but landmen hardly realize the regularity with which these icy fleets set forth and sweep a portion of the sea, till they slowly yield to warmer air and disappear. But while they cruise and shrink, another flotilla is being silently prepared in its inexhaustible Arctic shipyard, ready to be cast loose when the time of sailing shall come round again. Some time ago when I was crossing to Canada the captain of our boat showed me a series of charts in which the successive positions of the annual squadron of icebergs were marked. This is sometimes greater or less, but it always keeps fairly together, and floats slowly in the same direction till it melts. Meanwhile, it moves across the trading track, some separate masses showing in the distance like tall white sails, though others are no higher than half-sunken hulls. All are cruelly hard, and fatal to the eager ship for which friends and owners wait till hope is gone, and another score of living men have sunk under the perils of the sea.

We may not think of this as we stand upon the sunny beach and watch the children build their mimic walls against the summer wave. Their gleesome dismay at the dissolution of their work stirs no thought of the cry which rises when the lonely ship sinks out of sight, but the little finger of the sea which flattens down the sandy beach is moved by the same power that brings the worst disaster to

the distant crew, and the pleasant chattering of the pebbles as the wavelet sucks them back are only whisperings of the thunder on the rocks which is heard by those who are fighting for deliverance from an iron shore. Then, too, there is the tide; plain to the pupil-teacher, and yet full of perplexity to some grave thinkers, who have said and sought to show that it is caused, not by a rising of the water, but a sinking of the land. And observations made by barometers on shore, or by the side of tidal rivers, have given strangely notable results which have half bewildered those men of science who have made investigations in this direction. There are, moreover, islands surrounded by a great expanse of ocean which ought to be submerged every day, on the supposition that distant bodies such as the sun and moon have an invariably unchanging power to lift the water towards themselves. Anyhow, whether lunar or solar attraction is mixed up with other mysterious impulses complicating the forces which produce the tides, the wonder of their rise and fall is often dissipated by our familiarity with this phenomenon. Though the compilers of our almanacs are able to print the hour at which it will be "high water at London Bridge" a year in advance, we ought not to be satisfied with this prosaic comment on or application of the movements of the cosmos. And it is at the seaside that, if we will believe it, we are brought into a nearer apprehension of these, and stand face to face with the mysterious heavings of the globe. It is perhaps the unrealized presence of mighty forces which helps to stir the feelings with which we look upon the sea. This both makes and marks its contrast with any other scene. The ocean is illimitable. We know that it reaches, ever changing and yet unchanged, beyond the furthest boundaries of sight. Its waves fall and sink with the same plunge and rise on sun-heated tropic strands and amid the icy bays of unreachd southern and northern poles. There is no barrier between the pier-head with its brightly painted pleasure-boats and those darkened depths in which sightless monsters roam. A lake across which we can see is a poor pailful of water; it belongs to the land, and is counted with the hills which surround it. It can be wasted by heat, possibly drained, or, may be, dismissed through the bursting of a dam. It can be claimed by the owner of acres round its borders. We know all about the fish it holds, and change their breed with buckets of spawn or ova brought by carts. But

the sea is no man's. We hear, indeed, of littoral and fishing rights. The crown claims them within certain limits, and yet there is a sense of resentment at any one asserting ownership, even in the fringe of that ocean which is common to the world, and carries the pirate, the slaver, the merchantman, and the yacht alike. It has one law for all. Just as the wind never asks the nationality of the flag which it waves, so the catholic sea floats opposing navies with equal buoyancy, and swallows up the weakest without caring whence he comes or enquiring into the justice of his cause. It recognizes only strength and skill, and wrecks the lifeboat itself when these have failed.

Perhaps it shows its most unfeeling face with ships on fire. Then the water holds up the blazing hull, and quenches its flames with a hiss only when the last hope has departed. This is the very paradox of disaster and mockery of cure; the safety which the sailor seeks is only one degree less perilous than the danger from which he flees. On shore we run or leap out of our burning house, but at sea we stay within it while there is any remaining hope of its being saved. On shore neighbors flock around to save at least our goods; but there, if any come to see, they are only the cold fish or eager sharks which await the end of our distress. And if we do escape it is only to realize one of the worst changes which the sea can bring about—when we step, perhaps, from the luxurious saloon into the fragile boat. There the nearness of additional disaster overrides the sense of that never fully detailed discomfort which follows when the fore-castle and ladies' cabin are emptied into a little space within which every word is heard, and all are only thankful when they are permitted to live together for a week, by night and day—so dear is the bare life.

Possibly it is the undefined sense of danger which gives force to the longing of the inexperienced boy to "go to sea." Though he is moved by the thought of that seeing of the world which a ship provides, the books which he has read are always full of wrecks, and it takes some time for him to realize that the worst provision for acquaintance with strange lands is imprisonment on water. The sailor's knowledge of foreign parts is found to be the most limited of all. The landsman, who is carried from point to point and then left to explore the country he has reached, can tell us something of its ways and sights; but the sailor, "pure and simple,"

only touches the rind of the fruit which the other eats, and, after wandering for years over the surface of the globe, has no more knowledge of the earth than he can get by looking at the outside of that which he is not permitted to enter. We measure a sailor by what he is on shore, and when we talk of his gleesome humor we may be reminded of that buoyancy and gladness which often strikes us in the company of the blind. They are glad of our mere presence, though they see us not. How fares it with them when they are alone, and have no one with whom to speak, and can only think, or realize that limited acquaintance with books which comes with artificial touch, and renders any glance over the news of the day, or study of the last well-known work of fiction, travel, or science, a tantalizing impossibility? When we talk of the success with which the blind are taught to read we are apt to forget what "reading" means to those who can see. Thus, in some measure, we judge of the sailor's acquaintance with the world by his merely outward contact with what it has to show; and his boisterous mood when we meet him on land is often simply an indication of his relief from the monotony which marks incessant voyaging and a continuous repetition of the same wearisome routine through which he passes day after day, in the enforced society of the same companions from whom he has no escape. When he "speaks" a passing ship there is no interchange of thoughts, or often even words, but only a dumb dipping and waving of flags, or at the best a solitary shout from a trumpet's throat, with subsequently scant language and the shortest reply to a short question. The catechism of nautical intercourse seldom gets further than the first inquiry, "What is your name?" Then the voyagers part, without having really met, till another set is seen and dismissed with a hoarse "Ahoy!"

The coasting ships, whose sails jag the horizon or chimneys leave a streak of smoke upon its edge, may seem to move in company, but they are so many that even the brief salutes and questions which I have just referred to seldom pass between them. Perhaps the brig has to beat for days against a tiresome wind, crossing and recrossing others in its zig-zag course, which is all the more narrow for being "up channel." She can take no long "legs" during which her sails are not shifted, but her scanty crew is subject to the perpetual demands of the inexorable ropes. Besides the men at the look-

out, and the wheel, which cannot be left for a moment day or night, others are kept on the alert to brace the swinging yards at quickly recurrent intervals. And when we sit at ease on the shingle and sweep the horizon with our glass we hardly realize that the course of the ship at which we glance, though often pointing towards the shore, is virtually as tiresome as that of one which crosses ocean waters far away from land. It must be a dull life then to creep against the breeze which ought to help the sailor freely on his way, and the spectacle of his tedious progress must help us to apprehend better the contrast between the pleasures of the sea and the seaside. Perhaps it sounds unkind thus to accentuate the sense of the rest we are enjoying, still it may be that the perception of our repose is quickened by thus seeing the toil of those that labor on the restless sea.

When, however, we think of the way in which many people refresh themselves during their holiday on the coast, it seems a pity that more do not consciously apprehend the manifold differences between the water and the land which are so close together, and yet so widely apart in respect to the calling and interests of those who seldom set foot upon the solid shore, and are inexorably shut off from that which mostly fills the life of men on earth. Few, possibly, think of all this, but seek their chief accompanying recreation in pursuits and entertainment which might be found if they were far inland. Of all the demands likely to draw our thoughts from those which a sight of the ocean can kindle, the most offensively distracting is, perhaps, the presence of negro-melodists on the beach. How can we enjoy that unique and soothing sound which comes from the drawl of the retiring waves, how can we watch with undefined pleasure the "caves of glass" which fringe the beach, when a man with blackened face and artificial grin offers his battered hat for our appreciation of his hateful performance? It is true that some potter among the slimy weeds at low water under an impression that they are realizing an opportunity to enlarge their knowledge; but Leech's picture of "the common objects of the seashore," wherein every head is bent down and every eye searching the ground, truly hints at the limited use which is made of such a spectacle as the ocean, and which might move us better, though we stand only on its edge, if only we would let ourselves think of what it has to say.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BAMBOO.

"Even the sun himself, with all his power, cannot throw light into the dark hollows of the bamboo."—*Burmese Classic.*

"THE friend of man" is the title which the affection of mankind has given to an animal whose faithfulness surpasses that of more intelligent creatures, who bestows on his human master a more absolute devotion than on any creature of his own kind, and who, for his blind love, which not even ill-treatment can lessen, has been raised almost to the level of humanity, and has earned a recognized place by the side of man.

The creatures of the vegetable world are separated from us by too wide a gulf for any such relations as this. Men have been known to kiss the flowers for their beauty; and nothing can exceed the tender care they receive from man, or the charm of their living response to his kindness. But the link of simple life which binds them to ourselves as kindred members of the commonwealth of living things, is too slight for our rough apprehension, and must ever remain a mystery:—

If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows.

Yet if anything short of intelligent will could deserve a special distinction such as that which has been assigned to the dog alone among dumb animals, then in the vegetable kingdom, too, there is a living creature which may aspire to the dignity and title of the friend of man.

There is a plant which, wild as it is, and sown broadcast over whole continents, yields to none in a graceful beauty, which rises at times even to grandeur, yet whose nature is so versatile, whose homely uses are so many, that to it has been given a wholly exceptional power to influence the life, and even in some ways to determine the character, of the people who live under its shade. Throughout vast regions of the eastern hemisphere the bamboo is truly man's familiar friend. There are countries where it seems to supply almost every human requirement, and where the feathery masses of its foliage, drooping like the weeping-willow over road and river and village, bespeak an ideal of life beyond the reach of less primitive communities. Here man is unspoiled by artificial wants, untouched by the march of thought or of science, and nature unsolicited supplies with lavish hand his simple needs. It is an ideal

which it seems almost sacrilege to disturb, and in presence of which the highest aim of the foreign intruder should be to preserve its primary conditions intact. No better example can be cited of the land of the bamboo than one of those Indo-Chinese provinces, of which Burma is the best known to Europeans.

Like the fir in northern climates, it is the bamboo which here gives an unmistakable stamp to the rural landscape, while it is literally the framework and foundation of nearly every work of man. It is no exaggeration to say that the same jungles which give cover to wild animal life of every form and tribe, exert a beneficial influence also on every step of the life of their human inhabitants.

The Burmese child plays with bamboo toys in a house of which roof and walls and floor are for the most part made from the same generous plant. Through boyhood and manhood and old age this helpful comrade is ever by his side. On land or water, in peace or war, in the homes of rich and poor, in art and manufactures, in the market and the field, at feast and funeral, this is the substance of all that man most needs and values for ornament or use. Towns and villages are built from its stems and leaves; the fisherman's rod, and float, and raft; the hunter's snare; it bridges the torrent, bears water from the well, and irrigates the fields. It is food and medicine for cattle, and even for men; and there is music, too, not only in the rustle of its leaves, but in its woody heart, from which more than one musical instrument is made.

Let a brief tribute here be paid to the outward beauty of this strangely gifted plant. In all the vegetation of the tropics, among palms and tree-ferns and towering forest-trees, nothing will be found endowed with a more attractive grace than the bamboo grove, such as shadows mile after mile of the Burmese country-road or creek. Springing from the earth on either side in closely serried clusters, the smooth green stems, jointed at regular intervals, taper upwards in an arc which can hardly be seen to leave the perpendicular, till at the height of perhaps a hundred feet they are lost in a tracery of delicate foliage, where the branches meet overhead and cast a dense cool shade on the roadway below.

It is impossible to traverse these living gothic aisles without a deep impression of their grandeur. Often in sight of some dazzling sunset, of crystal cave, or rainbow among mountain lakes,—thought can find expression only by comparison with

building or painting or pageant of the stage; and to me the silent stateliness of the bamboo grove has always most recalled the sense of vastness, of symmetry, and of incomparable finish which, in such a building as St. Peter's at Rome, strikes the mind with unfeigned and unexpected awe.

And as the face is the index of mind, so the external beauty of the bamboo forest covers a train of characteristics by which every unit of which it is composed is adapted to practical utility in a thousand ways.

To note something of the physical structure of the bamboo, and a few of its most common uses, will be to give some conception of the wealth of its resources. In observing its nature, the difference between the male and female plant will be at once noticed. In the male bamboo the substance of the stem is solid throughout, and, light though it is, there is no stronger or tougher staff than that on which the old man leans in Burma or Siam, or that with which in these countries men take the law into their own hands and administer the summary punishment known as "bamboo backshish."

But it is from the far more abundant branches of the female plant that the wants of mankind are so bountifully supplied. Built like a modern man-of-war in watertight compartments, each joint of the stem is separated from the next on either side by a thick solid partition; and it would be hard to describe how this simple construction adapts it to practical use, or how much may be manufactured with ease from a single stem. To make a water-bucket, for example, it is only necessary to cut off a length of the branch near the root, where the girth is large, leaving the bulkhead at one end untouched. With a handle easily made from the higher part of the same branch, the bucket is complete,—finished and polished by nature, lighter and probably more water-tight and better fitted for rough usage than any manufactured rival. In the same way, at the extremity of the branch, are to be found—almost ready-made—thimbles and pipe-bowls and pipestems of any size required.

The same tubes, if split perpendicularly at regular intervals without being cut through, may be flattened out so as to form an almost level flooring for boat or cottage. Endless other illustrations may be given of the marvellous way in which the bamboo, by its generous and ever-ready help, seems to court the friendship of man.

If the houses in a Burmese village are largely built of bamboo materials, nearly everything within them seems to come ultimately from the same source. Beds and furniture, matting and sun-shades, bird-cages and baskets, fans and umbrellas, all owe their chief substance to the bamboo; while in a land where lacquer so largely takes the place of earthenware, the same material is conspicuous as the groundwork of unnumbered household vessels—from the laborer's rice-platter, bought for a few pence, to the costly vase or betel-box of pliant texture and finest polish. In all alike the lacquer, which gives to each vessel its charm of color or finish, is laid over a framework of fine bamboo wicker. Then, if we leave the house for field or river, we are everywhere met by the same ubiquitous material. It is this which, either as stout railing or living hedge, encloses the garden or field. With this the villager climbs the toddy-palm in quaint shoes made for the purpose. His shelter in the country cart, in his boat it is transformed into masts and yards, and decks and awnings, and forms the main part of the permanent structures in which whole families live for months together on a Burmese river.

In war, too, no less than in peace, the bamboo holds an honorable place. The main strength of many a formidable stockade is the *chevaux de frise* of stout pointed bamboo. It serves for flag-staff and spear-shaft and sword-sheath, and even for one of the most telling weapons of offence. In front of every position of the enemy in a Burmese war, among mimosa-thorns and grass and scrub, the ground is sown with invisible caltrops in the form of simple sharp-pointed lengths of split bamboo—a weapon inflicting deep, poisonous wounds, and which proves more harassing to infantry, whether in skirmish or charge, than any valor of the enemy or any natural strength of earthwork or stockade.

But it is not for the natives of the country only that the favors of the bamboo are reserved. As the sun shines on the evil and on the good, so the bamboo is the faithful servant of the foreigner no less than of its own countrymen.

It is a well-known characteristic of Burma, as compared with most Indian provinces, that the traveller in rural districts has no need to burden himself with tents. This is partly owing to Buddhist liberality, which gives free shelter in monasteries, and in frequent rest-houses, built as works of religious merit. But no less

thanks are due to nature also, which plants at every turn the inexhaustible bamboo groves, from which, with no other aid than a woodman's knife, may be made all that the traveller needs for use or comfort. Owing to the universal presence of this invaluable plant, there is no country where barracks and hospitals, houses and offices, stables and outbuildings, can be so quickly and cheaply, and even substantially constructed; and there is not an emergency great or small in which the Englishman's house, in such a country, the services of the bamboo are not the instant and effective resource.

If temporary shelter is needed for man or beast; if unexpected visitors descend with a host of followers, in a few hours they may be as comfortably housed as if they had been long expected. If fuel is wanted for cooking, stakes or trellis for the garden; if a tobacco-pipe has to be cleaned, even if needles and thread are exhausted, — the bamboo will supply what is wanted with a readiness which would hardly be believed.

Truly a wonderful material it is, lending itself by every quality of its nature to the special service of man. Its larger stems combine strength and lightness in a manner equalled by neither timber nor metal. Its lighter branches bend to carry the laborer's baskets. Its joints invite the manufacture of cups and buckets. Its toughness and polished smoothness provide the carver with material admirably suited to his art. Its hollow tubes seem made for water-pipes, its dry, fibrous leaves for thatch. Its lightness adapts it for ladders and scaffolding; and the ease with which it splits, into layers of any thickness, for the weaving of matting and for basket-work of every kind. Lavishly as iron is strewn under the feet of more hardy nations, there is thus provided for the Oriental in the wildest jungles a no less abundant store of simple wealth, suited to his special requirements, responding readily to the slightest effort, and encouraging the exercise of every form of ingenuity.

A striking illustration of the influence of the bamboo on the ways, and even on the character of the people, may be found in observing one of the most frequent incidents of Burmese life — a house or village on fire. In a country where the smoking of tobacco is limited neither by age nor sex, nor time nor place, and where houses are thatched, and for half the year dry as tinder, it will be understood that men become familiar with the phenomena

of fire. It is less easy to realize the comparative indifference with which such a visitation can be received, or to credit the truth that to the easy-going population of this primitive region even fire itself seems robbed of its terrors.

When we think of what is meant by fire in house or village in Western countries, — to be turned out of doors to the mercy of the elements; to lose at a stroke the investments of a scanty capital, or the stock of household furniture which can ill be replaced; to run terrible risks, even of life itself, — it is hard to understand that there are countries where such incidents form no part of the accompaniments of the most destructive fire. At a spark from cigar or pipe a Burmese village is ablaze, and in a few hours whole streets are in ashes. But in the flutter and excitement that ensues, we look in vain for any such evidence of ruin or despair as a similar calamity elsewhere brings inevitably in its train. Loss of life at a Burmese fire is almost unknown. The simple household stuff is quickly emptied from the single-storied cottages, and heaped under the trees by the roadside; to a people who live habitually an outdoor life there is no hardship in passing the night under the open sky; and when the fire has once gained an irresistible hold, it is a sight for philosophers to see the calmness of the villagers as they sit and smoke quietly in groups watching the progress of the flames. In a few days the ephemeral city rises again in clean and orderly streets, and beyond a few main supports of timber, or in the houses of the leading townsmen, from end to end of the street, and from floor to roof of every house, the bamboo from the jungle hard by has supplied, at the cost of labor only, the principal material of which it is built.

My sketch may fitly close with the mention of a phase of Burmese national life than which none is more characteristic, and which may be said to depend on the bamboo for its very origin and maintenance. In the easy round of Burmese existence, there is no occasion too trivial or too grave for the display of a form of native skill unique in kind, in harmony with the national mind, and specially attractive to the foreign observer. This is the art by which, with marvellous dexterity, they delight to manufacture every fantastic form of figure and structure which the popular mind of an imaginative people can conceive.

In no city of the empire does the Indian viceroy make his progress through

triumphal arches of such exceptional taste and quaintness as those which adorn the Burmese capital. Nowhere in the world is the funeral pageant at once so solemn and so free from the dismal gloom by which the ceremonies of a Western burial are so commonly disfigured. The coffin, overlaid with gilding and rich mouldings of brilliant color, is borne on a gaily decorated car, shadowed by golden umbrellas and studded with figures of angels and mythical creatures of many forms. The triumphal progress of the funeral is at least in outward accord with the spirit which breathes in our own burial service, which thanks God for the deliverance of the departed, but which with us seems too often contradicted by the sombre indications of a hopeless grief at variance with the professions of our faith.

But the lightest pretext is enough in this country to set busy fingers to work weaving in endless succession, to the dictation of a wild fancy, the mythic dragons and angels, the airy palaces and castles, monasteries and pagodas of fantastic beauty, tigers and elephants, boats and rafts, princes and clowns, which give so rare a charm to the spectacle of Burmese marriage-feast or religious procession, and especially to that of the popular drama. And again in every scene alike, at the foundation of things, the cause and essence of art and its expression, is found the same living substance. It is this, as we have seen, which has furnished material for the houses of both players and spectators, and for almost all that they contain; and it is from the wands and strips and pillars of the ever-present bamboo that even the fanciful creations of Eastern imagination are woven into tasteful and tangible existence.

P. HORDERN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A VOICE FROM A HAREM.

SOME WORDS ABOUT THE TURKISH WOMAN
OF OUR DAY.*

So many English ladies have lately visited the Turkish harems, and learning our language have been able to write the truth about us, that it is really difficult to say something new about a country whose cus-

toms are as well known to every one as to ourselves.

Naturally also the curiosity and interest felt for everything Oriental has gradually faded away as, the veil being literally lifted, the mysteries of Orient appeared little by little before the world, and were found wanting in the element of beauty which had been ascribed to them.

In a description of Constantinople written as late as in 1840, the Turkish woman was spoken of as a mystery which it was dangerous to unravel; whilst Thackeray, in his "Voyage from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," tells us of a lady who was tabooed by all true believers for having dared to drive in her own carriage to a mosque. What the shades of those true believers would say if they came back to earth now is difficult to decide. I suppose they would think that Turkey had been given over to those Giaours, whom they hated and we imitate. Of our old customs, as well as of our old faith, very little remains, and it is only in the lower orders or the most secluded harems that some vestiges of them can be found. At Constantinople women hardly hide their faces, and think it no shame to appear before the public in habiliments which would be hardly considered decent with the lowest dregs of European society. This, however, is natural, for it is impossible for a reaction to occur in a country without its rushing to the opposite evil. On disencumbering ourselves from our old chains we are apt to forget that man cannot walk entirely alone without stumbling in some way or other. However, this will soon pass; give us time to understand that we need to be withheld, and we will soon forge ourselves new chains which, without binding us as hard as the old, will still retain us in the bonds of decorum.

The reason of this sudden reaction may be traced to the better education we have given to our boys. Brought up in Paris or at Oxford, they have learnt that woman was destined to be protected, not tyrannized over. They have learnt that, when her intellect is not crushed by continual fear and impotent ignorance, woman can become the helpmate and support of man. The view also of the cheerful homes existent in Europe has taught them that one wife is better than twenty slaves; and, as the Turkish girls are better adapted by nature to second their views than the Circassians, it is to them that they turned for help.

It needed but little time to teach the Turkish mothers what was needed at their

* This paper is absolutely genuine. It is the first attempt at writing on the part of its authoress, a young lady who has been shut up in a harem for ten years. — *Ed. Nineteenth Century.*

hands, and where before a little French was the maximum of learning acquired by a Musulwoman, she was taught to read and write in several languages, to play the piano, to draw, to paint, in a word, to have as complete an education as any young lady destined to appear in society. This system included of course novel reading, and in them the young girl, who before believed that the highest happiness for her was to be tyrannized over by a man she did not know, in common with five or six rivals, suddenly saw opened before her a long vista of unknown bliss which to her dazzled eyes seemed more beautiful than anything promised in Paradise. She heard of balls, *fêtes*, parties, where women spoke openly with men who were not doctors or cousins; she heard for the first time that a woman is considered as highly as a man, and may even claim from him the homage which till now she thought had been exclusively his prerogative; she saw in them the descriptions of happy homes where one wife alone possessed the love and confidence of her husband; and little by little the poison imbibed circulated through her veins. She felt she had a right to a part at least of these privileges; but fearing to be the first to claim them, she would perhaps have continued for some time still to bear a yoke now become hateful, if she had not been surrounded by counsellors who pushed her on, and these counsellors were not chosen from the best part of society. Effectually the worst part of it all was that the movement originated naturally with the highest classes, who were surrounded, by the fact of their rank, by a legion of base Armenians and Greeks, the very scum of their nations, who were ready with praise the instant they saw a possibility of recompense, and whose example was hardly able to give them a high idea of the European fashion of life.

The life she had led in a harem had not prepared her for the sudden change which was to occur in all her customs. She had never known that there are other chains than those inflicted by the tyranny of man, and that life might contain higher aims than the mere fact of living for self; in fact, selfishness is a virtue in harems, which all must follow who wish to live, and she had never thought that it might be possible to think of others before thinking of herself. On the other hand, the mothers are not entitled to teach their daughters those pure and high principles which every woman in Europe thinks it necessary to inculcate in her children. In fact she has not sufficient influence over

her child to do it. The mothers are usually slaves, and as such are never considered with the tender reverence which a European mother may command. Every child has a different mother by whom he will stand by party spirit, and whom he will defend against her rivals, but whom he will never respect, and whom, alas! he has no reason to respect, for she has never taught him anything but the one principle of selfishness, and she does not practise any other virtue herself. Each one for himself is the motto of harems, and this once learnt the children are permitted to grow according to their different characters, neither checked from wrong nor taught the right.

Some time ago I saw an English paper, in which the author hotly denies that the morals learnt in a harem are worse than those taught in some parts of European society. It may be true, but it is not to such places that a European gentleman usually sends his daughters to be educated, whilst it must be remembered that the harem is the home of thousands and thousands of young girls who learn there their first ideas of right and wrong, and who can hardly do so whilst surrounded by examples such as the slaves give them. A Turkish girl of fifteen knows as much of life as a European of forty, and it is unnatural that it should be so. Of course a girl cannot be modest under such circumstances, and it was not surprising that, when the reaction set in, she should have reached the extremes to which she went.

The leap from ignorance to knowledge was too sudden for the Turkish woman; she was dazzled by the bright glare which suddenly surrounded her, and having very dim ideas of what was right or what was wrong, it is not surprising that she should have missed her way. At such a crisis she needed a strong arm to support her, and from that the very position she held deprived her, as no pure or honest woman from the European society could live in a harem without either leaving in disgust, or being obliged from self-preservation to do at Rome as the Romans do.

Though the duty that man owes to his fellow-creature is hardly ever mentioned in our religion, what is owed to itself is too well depicted there, and its laws are too strict for the Turkish girl not to feel, after her first excess, that she was debarred from heaven. "Whoever imitates Christians counts with them" is written in our laws, and thus, when she first strove to be like the Europeans, she knew she had

counted as one of them. Knowing that it was too late to retrace her steps, she preferred advancing. And, having once indulged herself in braving the opinion of the Turks, she soon learnt to indulge herself still more in braving that of those Europeans whom she wished to imitate. From folly to vice there is but one step, and in this case it was soon passed, let us hope to be soon repassed again. Already there are examples of ladies, well educated and having resided many years in Europe, who live perfectly free from the ancient trammels without for that abandoning the code of honor existent in every country; and it is high time their example should be followed. When this has occurred, when Turkish girls will have learnt that no well-educated Christian lady would make signs to a man she did not know, that no woman with the least atom of self-respect would answer a man who addresses her in the street, that in all the world divorce is disgraceful when it occurs from any shortcoming on the part of the wife, and that all women divorced from such a cause lose their caste, she will be really progressing, and we may at last hope to be happy, honored, and free, like those women whom we wish to imitate.

All this, however, is a secondary question. What we need the most, what we must strive for with all our forces, is the abolition of polygamy, and to that we must help ourselves by enfranchising our slaves. As long as slavery continues to exist, polygamy will reign in our harems in its worst form. Leaving out all question of humanity, slavery is a worse bane to us than to themselves. With slavery non-existent no Turkish girl will agree to occupy the second place in a husband's home, and we will live without the perpetual jealousies, the thousand worries which are the real causes of our unhappiness. It is not well understood, I think, in Europe that a harem very rarely contains more than one legitimate wife, who is sometimes a Circassian, but usually a Turkish girl. If a Turkish girl, when she marries she comes to her husband's home with ten or twelve slaves who count as part of her dowry; whilst, on the other hand, if a slave herself, her husband buys them for her, which comes at the end to the same thing. For however civilized our husbands may be, there is too much of the Turkish nature latent in them to keep them from casting longing looks in the direction of those girls, and none of them are too shy or too backward to reject his

advances. Evidently they know that it is the only chance they have of gaining a high position in society, and they can hardly feel for a mistress who has never felt for them. They usually do attain their wishes, the mistress remaining powerless to prevent it, as her husband has the law on his side. If she is an energetic woman, she sometimes sells the slave — which, by the way, she cannot do now — or she goes back to her father's house; in either case, however, she is usually defeated, as the husband soon begins again with another slave, and the father, who himself has perhaps five or six wives, cannot but give reason to his son-in-law. In the course of time the slave, being an odalisque and having children nearly as old as those of her mistress, becomes as powerful in the household as the original lady; but still it must be well understood that her contract is not written, and that she is still considered a slave. Of course it would be impossible for a Turkish girl to accept such a position, whilst, on the other hand, no man would care to really marry two wives; and thus in striking slavery we strike polygamy at its very roots, and it is obviously for our good to do it.

Against this, however, many objections will arise, as was shown when the English government took the matter in hand in Egypt. It took many bloody battles to rid America from slavery, but none of the arguments urged there would be of any use here. The Americans used slaves as chattels, they were to them the source of immense fortunes and nearly indispensable, as can be proved by the list of those proprietors ruined during the war. In our case, slaves are an expense without which we could easily do. Let us, however, grant that, except Armenians and Greeks in Constantinople and fellahs in Cairo, we can find none to serve us. But is not that a little because we do not want to search for others?

Are there not at Constantinople thousands and thousands of the poorer classes who are dying with hunger, and who, if they were educated for it, would make excellent servants? It may be objected that the poor of Turkey are too proud to serve as servants, and that it will be well-nigh impossible to bring them round to my views. But that is only because they do not know better, and the first step would be to give them the opportunities to attain those lights we have reached ourselves; taking care, however, to educate them so as to avoid those shoals against which we were

shipwrecked ourselves. This a few free schools, conducted by enlightened directors and where the teachers are chosen amongst the pure and kind-hearted women who abound in Europe, would do easily. Once this step gained, progress would soon teach them that servitude is no shame, and that it is better to work than to starve.

I think I have proved that slavery is not really necessary, and that it would better our condition to end it. We pretend to be civilized, and we only imitate the vices of Christians without learning what is good in their customs; seeking only our liberty, we neglect to think of our comfort, and forget that whilst slavery is breaking the spirits of thousands of our fellow-creatures, we have no right to complain of being trammelled. Our first duty to ourselves and to them is to erase the greatest blot in our fame, greater still because not even countenanced by our religion; and little by little, by showing by our conduct that we are ripe for it, we may hope to obtain the rights refused to us.

Without this every act, instead of tending to the aggrandizement of our privileges, only serves to show us in a more despicable light to the eyes of the millions who gaze on us.

ADALET.

From The Saturday Review.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—TARANTULAS.

IN June last we remarked parenthetically, in our notice of the praying mantis, that a tarantula had been received by the Society, and was then in the Insect House. This animal, however, was very short-lived, dying within a few days of its arrival. We are, therefore, glad to say that the loss has been much more than repaired by the arrival in Regent's Park of not less than five of these gigantic spiders, which, though all known as tarantulas, belong to two different families, *Mygalidæ* and *Lycosidæ*. There is a solitary specimen of the former, and four specimens of the latter. They are respectively labelled as "Brazilian Tarantula, *Mygale* sp.?, Brazil," and "Deserta Tarantula, *Lycosa nigra*, Deserta Grande, Madeira." The first of these was purchased by and the others presented to the Society, the last, at least, being, we believe, "new to the collection."

The *Mygalidæ* have a considerable range; but the larger of them, which are truly gigantic spiders, are found only in the warmer parts of the world—tropical

America and the West Indies being specially favored by them. Among the smaller species which are found in Europe are the well-known trapdoor spiders, specimens of which are generally living in the Zoo, but, owing to their burrowing and nocturnal habits, can rarely, if ever, be seen; and also one species found in England, principally in the south, which constructs a curious dwelling consisting of a silk-lined tube or gallery, which takes at first a horizontal and then a vertical direction, the mouth being covered by a curtain formed of a continuation of the silken lining. At present, however, we are only concerned with the large American species. These, as a rule, do not burrow, but live in crevices in the bark of trees, and in hollows among rocks and stones, where they make a sort of silken case as a home. They are generally nocturnal in their habits, pursuing their prey in the evening and during the night, and appear to be by no means particular what they attack, though, no doubt, insects and other arthropods form the bulk of their food. According to the older authors, however, they are much given to destroying and feeding on birds, whence their name of bird-catching spiders, and the specific name of *Avicularia* given by Linnæus to one species. Mme. Merian figured and described one of these spiders which she declared was in the habit of surprising small birds on their nests and sucking their blood with avidity. Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the River Amazons," tells us that, though he found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents on the banks of the Pará River, he was able to "verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus *Mygale*, in a manner worth recording." The following is his account of what he saw: "The spider was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds—finches—were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by

the monster. I drove away the spider, and took the birds; but the second one soon died." This author also gives the following particulars of these spiders, which he describes as "quite common:" "Some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Aranhas Caranguejeiras*, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterwards. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the creases of the skin. After this description it is curious to find that the Indian children make pets of these creatures. Yet Mr. Bates relates that one day he saw some Indian children "with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog." In confinement these tarantulas are fed principally on cockroaches and meal-worms. The specimen now in the Zoo is a large and sufficiently terrible-looking spider, though it is, we believe, by no means full grown. It is of a deep glossy black, with the exception of its abdomen, the longer hairs on which are a rich orange red; it keeps itself concealed during the day, for which purpose it is supplied with two small flower-pots and a quantity of moss, but if disturbed, it shows considerable activity and every desire to attack the intruder on its privacy.

Like the *Mygalidæ*, the *Lycosidæ* or wolf-spiders, to which family the *Deserta tarantula* belongs, have a very wide range, and the different species vary much in size, though none of them are so large as the larger members of the former family. Still many of them, especially those inhabiting the warmer parts of the world, attain a very considerable size, as indeed may be seen by any one visiting the Zoo at the present time. They differ from the *Mygalidæ*, however, not only in size but also in general appearance; as, for example—a point which will strike the least observant—they are by comparison hairless and, indeed, generally more spider-like, though, be it observed, they are by no means destitute of hair. They are wandering, preying spiders, capable of running with considerable swiftness, and, like the *Mygalidæ*, many of them are noc-

turnal in their habits, wandering about after dark in pursuit of the insects on which they feed. They live in holes, under stones, and in crevices in rocks or walls, and some species are fond of the water, on which they run in pursuit of insects. The most famous of all the wolf-spiders is the tarantula of southern Europe, *Lycosa tarantula*, about which most extraordinary stories were told by the older writers, many of which still cling to every spider that can be called a tarantula, thus causing the unfortunate animals to bear a much worse name than even they deserve. As a fact, the bite of the tarantula is painful, but not dangerous; yet it was fully believed to be the cause of a sort of hysterical dancing mania which appeared in an epidemic form in Italy in the fourteenth century, and spread all over the country, reaching its height in the seventeenth century, after which it gradually faded away. The following extract from Brookes's "Natural History" gives in detail the symptoms which were supposed to result from the bite of one of these spiders: "In the summer months, particularly in the dog-days, the tarantula creeping among the corn in the fields bites the mowers and passengers. . . . The part which is bitten is soon after discolored with a livid black or yellowish circle, attended with an inflammation. At first the pain is scarcely felt; but a few hours after there comes on a violent sickness, difficulty of breathing, fainting, and sometimes trembling. The person who is bit after this does nothing but laugh, dance, and skip about, putting himself into the most extravagant postures; but this is not always the case, for he is sometimes seized with a dreadful melancholy. At the return of the season in which he was bit his madness begins again, and the patient always talks of the same thing; sometimes he fancies himself a shepherd, a king, or any other character that comes into his head, and he always talks in a very extravagant manner. These troublesome symptoms return for several years successively, and at length terminate in death . . . this odd distemper is cured by a remedy altogether as odd, which is musick; for this only will give them ease, and they make use of the violin in particular." The effect of the music was to make the patient dance sometimes for three or four hours, until he was "all over in a sweat, which forced out the venom which did the mischief." Dr. Hill, however, whose book was published earlier than that of Dr. Brookes, evidently doubted the truth of

the stories which were current about the effect of the tarantula's bite, as he passed over the subject with the remark, "As to the effects of the poison they convey into the wound they make, there seems yet room for much explanation about it." The *Deserta tarantulas* are, as we have said, much smaller and less hairy in appearance than the Brazilian; they are also differently colored, being black in ground color, spotted and striped with a light grey and white. Those now in Regent's Park have no means provided for them to hide themselves, except a small plant in the middle of each case, and can therefore nearly always be seen, each of them sitting, generally in one of the corners of the glass cases in which they are confined, apparently screwed up into the smallest possible compass—as, indeed, is the habit of most spiders when at rest. They are, however very fond of the sun, and when it shines they spread themselves out to enjoy the warmth, and at such times are full of life and vigor, and constantly on the lookout for prey, leaping with great agility on any unfortunate insect that may come near them.

Considering the fierce and brigand nature of all tarantulas, it is, perhaps, needless to say that they are each confined in a separate case, the five cases being placed on the stand at the east end of the Insect House. It is by no means an uncommon event for a tarantula, or even tarantulas, to be exhibited at the Zoo; but the present specimens are particularly noticeable as belonging to uncommon and, so far as the Society's collection is concerned, new species.

Pepys mentions the musical cure for the bite of the tarantula. "One Mr. Templer, a great traveller and an ingenious man, and a person of honor he seems to be," with whom he dined at my Lord Crewe's, after telling him a wonderful story of a "serpent" and a lark, the scene of which was laid in the "waste places of Lancashire," speaking of the tarantula, informed him that "all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung."

From Chambers' Journal.

HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

THE hyacinth, which beautifies our homes and gardens with its graceful

bright-colored spikes, even before spring has "come o'er the mountains with light and song," is the source of much wealth to our friends the Dutch. At the present time there is in Holland a tract of land equal to about one thousand English acres used for the cultivation of hyacinth bulbs, and it is estimated that nearly forty thousand Dutch folks are directly dependent on the trade for their livelihood. Many millions of the bulbs are annually exported, Great Britain and the United States of America being their best customers; and Dutch hyacinths are now household flowers in all parts of the civilized world.

The mother-species of most of the cultivated hyacinth race is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a native, as its specific name implies, of the East. It is found wild in abundance on the shores of the Levant, in Cilicia, where it grows seven thousand feet up the mountains, and eastward to Mesopotamia. The year of its introduction into Holland cannot now be determined. It is very probable that, like *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, it was carried into Italy by some returning Crusaders, and thence introduced into western Europe, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, it found a congenial home on the moist, sandy flats of Holland. Some authorities fix the date as 1585, others 1596. We know, however, that hyacinths were grown in the Botanical Gardens of the city of Leyden in the year 1600, as they are mentioned in a catalogue still extant of plants cultivated in these gardens in that year.

In another plant catalogue dated 1602, several varieties of *Hyacinthus orientalis* are specified, which shows that some progress was being made in hyacinth culture even in these early days. The color of the first cultivated specimen is doubtful. It may have been white, blue, purple, or pink. All the wild specimens of it in the Herbarium of the British Botanical Gardens at Kew have blue flowers.

The tulip mania early in the eighteenth century seems to have withdrawn the attention of the Dutch from the hyacinth, as the historical facts recorded regarding it during the continuance of that unreasoning craze are very meagre. Yet it cannot have been entirely neglected, for St. Simon, in an interesting book on the hyacinth published in 1768, enumerates as many as two thousand distinct varieties which were then grown in Holland.

Like many other plants, after being

under cultivation for some years, the hyacinth showed a tendency to produce semi-double and double flowers. These in the early days of its culture were regarded as monstrosities, and treated accordingly. Whenever one revealed itself among the seedlings, it was destroyed. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, double flowers which had escaped detection, and were thus allowed to come into full bloom, were seen to possess a distinctive beauty, and soon attained great popularity. A famous double variety named "King of Great Britain," with elegant rose-colored flowers, was sold for one hundred and twenty pounds sterling soon after double varieties became popular. In 1734, when the tulip mania had somewhat abated, the stock of a new double blue variety named "Non Plus Ultra," which consisted of one large and eight small bulbs, was sold by public auction for £133 8s. 6d. One single bulb of a new double red variety brought eighty-three pounds to its fortunate raiser in 1815. Such extraordinary prices show that the Dutch of those days had faith in the hyacinth. Its value now to their descendants fully justifies their faith.

The bulb-farms are nearly all situated on the sandy flats between the cities of Haarlem and Leyden. The former city is the centre of the trade. There the dealers and larger growers have offices and stores. The soil in which the hyacinths are grown is a light, fine sand, which is generally dry on the surface, but immediately below moist and cool. It matters not how dry and hot the weather may be, there is always plenty of moisture a few inches beneath the surface, which keeps the bulbs sweet and healthy. Should a period of wet weather set in, the superfluous water easily percolates through the fine sandy soil, and the land soon regains its normal healthy moistness.

The ground is very heavily manured every two or three years with cow manure, which is brought from all parts of the country, and is a valuable source of profit to the Dutch dairymen. This manure is kept in heaps until it has become thoroughly decomposed before being put on the ground. The farms are all similar in appearance. Tidiness and order in the manner of culture are almost invariable. The fields vary from five to twenty or twenty-five acres in extent, and are cut up into patches by canals and ditches, which intersect the whole farm, and cross each other at right angles. The canals are wide enough to admit of the passage of a good-

sized boat, and consequently require to be bridged wherever communication between the plots is necessary. The ditches are narrow enough to be stepped over. Water being always present in these cuttings, the irrigation is perfect. The surface of the fields is usually about two feet above the level of the water. All the farms are connected with the extensive canal system of Holland by means of these private canals, this arrangement enabling the farmers to draw their supplies of manure and the other necessities of their trade from all parts of the country, and to send off the ripened bulbs to the shipping ports. The canals running through the farms are quite green in summer with the little aquatic plant, the lesser duck-weed (*Lemna minor*); and when a boat passes along, all the water the visitor sees is a small triangular bit at the stern, which is soon green again as the little plant floats back into place.

The custom, in the early days of bulb-growing, was to plant the same ground only once in three years. Now, however, the Dutch find that hyacinths and most other bulbs do very well if planted on the same ground each second year. The land is divided into two portions, one of which is planted with the bulbs, while the other is dug and heavily manured. The latter portion is allowed to lie fallow, or is planted with a crop, such as potatoes, suited to prepare the soil for the bulbs.

Every bulb, even the smallest, is lifted and planted once a year. September and October are the planting months. The bulbs are placed in rows in large beds, each variety being kept separate, and carefully labelled with a wooden label containing its name or number stuck in the ground at the beginning. The large bulbs are put in first, then the smaller ones. This arrangement mars somewhat the effect of the beds at flowering-time, as strong growing bulbs are seen blooming side by side with much weaker ones. However, utility, not ornament, makes the rule, and after all, it does not matter much, as the flowers are only permitted to open far enough to allow of their being proved true to color or name, and then cut off. This cutting off of the flower-spike lets the leaves develop to their fullest extent, and helps to strengthen and enlarge the bulbs.

As soon as the planting is finished, which is always by the end of October, the ground is covered to the depth of four inches by reed-grass or straw, to keep off the frost, which is there much more se-

vere than in this country. In the milder days of spring, when the growth begins to appear, this covering is gradually taken off.

The flowering season is generally about the end of April; sometimes not till well on in May if the season is late. When the flowers have been proved, the spikes are cut off, and the plants left in this condition to mature.

Towards the end of June the leaves are well withered; the bulbs are then lifted, the foliage cut off down to the neck of the bulbs, and the roots carefully trimmed off. They are then carried into sheds and placed on dry shelves, where they remain from four to six weeks. Packing and exporting then begin, which duties engage the attention of all the workers on the farm till September arrives, when the planting-time has again come round.

For the export trade, the hyacinths are generally made up in four sizes or qualities. First: the largest, soundest, and best-shaped named bulbs. Second: second-size named bulbs. Third: bulbs suitable for bedding-out purposes. These are usually made up in colors, and are unnamed. Fourth: the smallest size, and badly shaped bulbs.

The methods employed to increase the number of bulbs are various and interesting. The oldest and most natural way is to leave the bulb in the ground after it has reached its full development, when a number of offsets are formed round the parent bulb, which then decays. Another method is to hollow out good-sized bulbs so that the lower part and a portion of the inside are taken away. After being planted, a number of bulbils are formed inside this shell between its several remaining layers. Still another way in which propagation is effected is by making several deep cuts across the bottom part of the bulb, the cuts crossing each other near the cen-

tre. Soon after planting, young bulbs are formed in these incisions.

The second and third methods are usually adopted. Some varieties are found to produce better results when hollowed, others, when cut. When hollowing is the process used, the young bulbs take six years to reach maturity; when cutting is employed, they mature, as a rule, in four years. However, by hollowing, a larger number of bulbils is produced, which result compensates for the longer time required to grow them to marketable size.

The farmers have many enemies to contend against. The worst of these is a disease called "the rot," which is caused by a fungus. Sometimes the whole stock of a variety is destroyed by it in one season. To protect themselves from its ravages, they divide the most valuable varieties into two or more lots and plant them in separate fields. In this way, should one portion be attacked by the fungus, the other may be safe. In the larger farms, during the growing season, workers are detailed whose duty is to go round the beds and watch for any appearance of the "rot." As soon as a bulb is seen to be attacked, it is pulled out and burned. Rats and mice are also very destructive. These vermin find shelter among the dry grass protecting the bulbs during winter, and sometimes exterminate whole beds of fine bulbs.

Many efforts have been made in this and other countries to obtain a share of the hyacinth-producing trade, but hitherto these attempts have been almost fruitless. Whether the means employed were at fault, or the climate conditions unsuitable, it is difficult to say. When spoken to on the subject, the bulb-farmers of Haarlem say that they have no fear of competition from any direction, as the natural advantages they possess in soil and climate place them beyond its reach.

We extract from *La Nature* of July 26 the following facts relating to exceptional seasons in past centuries. They have been collected by M. Villard, of Valence, for France especially, and for Europe generally. In 1282 the winter was so mild that cornflowers were sold in Paris in February. New wine was also drunk at Liège on August 24. In 1408 the winter was so severe that nearly all the Paris bridges were carried away by the ice. Ink froze in the pen, although a fire was in the room. [A similar fact is quoted by Dove as

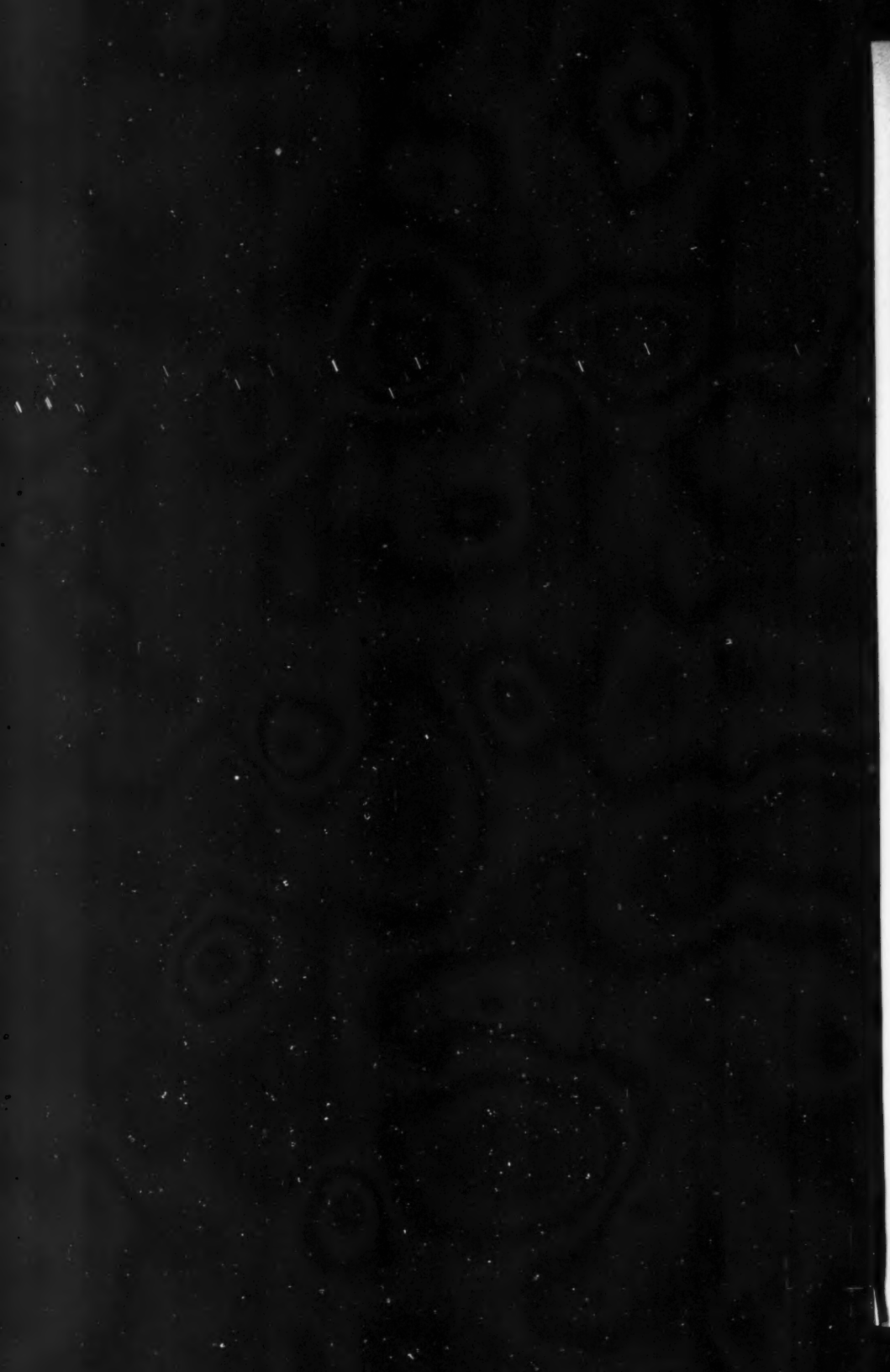
occurring at Sebastopol on December 13, 1855.] All the sea between Norway and Denmark was frozen. The summers of 1473 and 1474 were disastrously hot. In the winter of 1544-45 wine was frozen in barrels all over France. It was cut with hatchets and sold by the pound. In 1572-73 nearly all the rivers were frozen. The Rhone was traversed by carriages at various places. In 1585 the winter was very mild; corn was in ear at Easter, but the third week in May was extremely cold.

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